THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CII.—No. 1321

APRIL 10, 1929

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

The BYSTANDER

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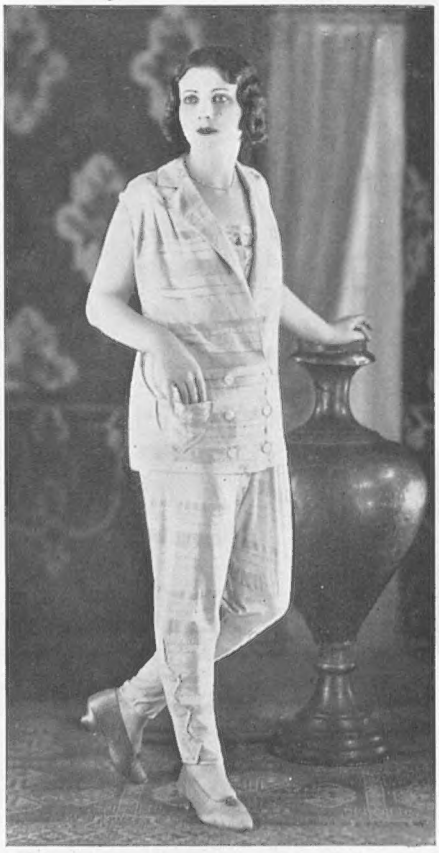

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THE BYSTANDER APL. 10TH 1929. No. 1321. VOL. CII.

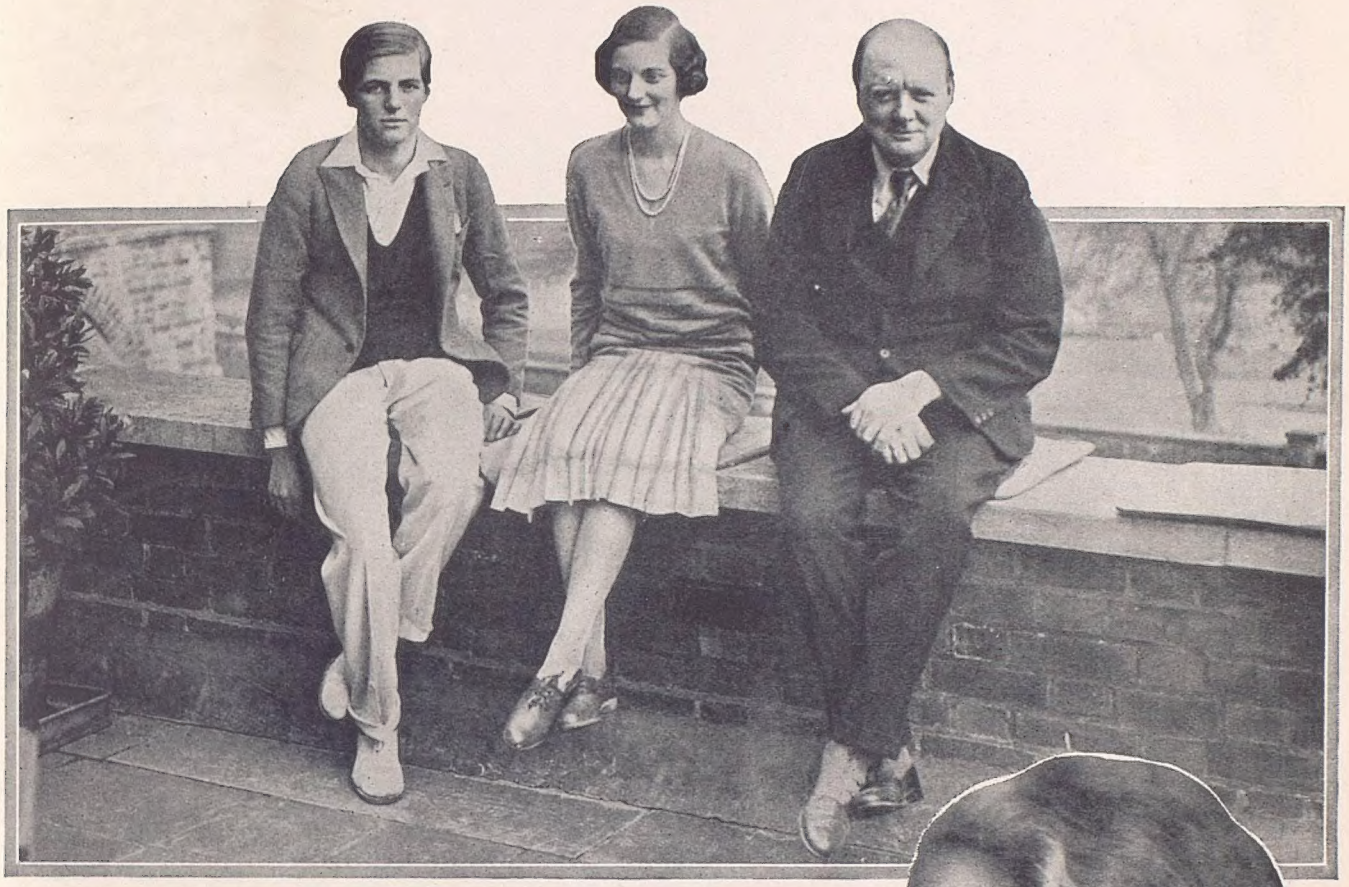
The BYSTANDER

ANNA MAY WONG

BY VERNON WARD

"THE SPARK"

The Passing Hour



THE CHANCELLOR'S EASTER EGG *Photopress*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer photographed with his son and daughter, Randolph and Diana Churchill, at his home, Chartwell Manor, Westerham, where he spent the Easter vacation. Armed with a welcome Budget surplus of £18,394,463, he will doubtlessly present a generous "Election" Budget to the hopeful taxpayers

Opera and the Season

THE announcements of the approaching opera season at Covent Garden, which begins on the 22nd of the month, brings to mind the imminence of the London Season. Four weeks from to-day Her Majesty will be holding the first Court at Buckingham Palace, and already the repercussions of that event are being agreeably felt by the dressmakers, while dances, dinner parties, and the return of those who escaped the winter by sun-chasing in warmer climes, are giving a much-needed fillip to West End tradesmen and amusement caterers.

At the moment of writing the opera for the first performance at Covent Garden has not yet been announced, but I imagine it will be *Der Rosenkavalier,* and in any case it will be conducted by that masterly hand, Herr Bruno Walter. The second night will be the opening of the first Ring cycle, which all Wagnerians will greet with proper excitement. I see that in the Italian season they are doing even more than usual of Puccini's operas, including *La Fanciulla del West* (*The Girl of the Golden West*), for the first time for some years, I believe, and a new opera by Goossens. With such singers as Friedrich Schorr, Chaliapine, Lauritz Melchior, Maria Olczewska, Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Eva Turner, Florence Austral, and Miriam Licette, the Opera Syndicate may well hope to see this season pay its way!

An Amazing Audience

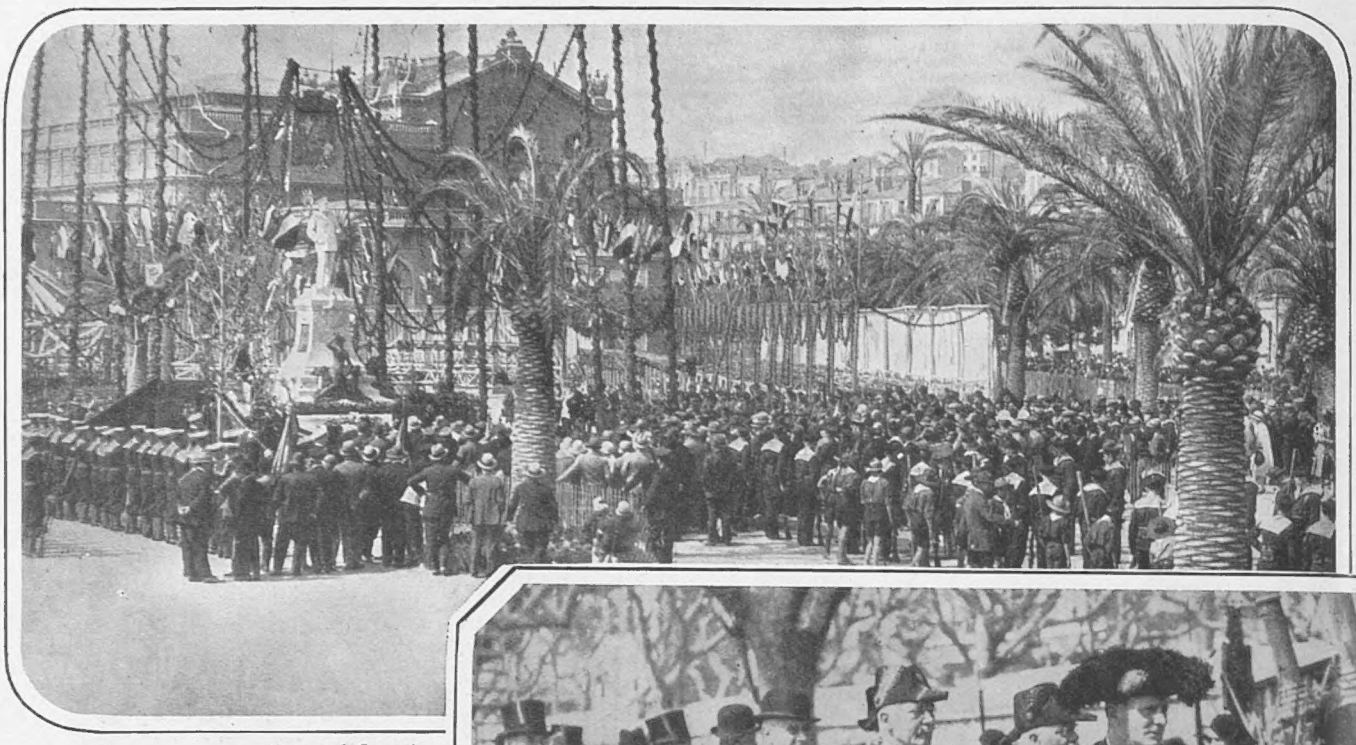
THE post has just brought me a cosmopolitan packet of letters. The stampings read: Paris, Firenze (Florence), Cernobbio (Lake of Como), Cap Ferrat, Seville, Paris again, and Boston, Mass. Paris should have read Le Touquet, for it was all about that Easter exodus for golfers and gamblers that my letter informed me. But let me go back a little, back to that amazing first night of *Wake Up and Dream!* at the London Pavilion. If I had been in a dream and I had wakened, the

Yevonde

MISS ELIZABETH PONSONBY

The only daughter of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., and Mrs. Ponsonby, whose engagement to Mr. Denis Pelly has been announced, is one of the Bright Young People whose latest rag was a Mock Wedding Breakfast. Her father represents Brightside in the Labour interests

SOCIETY IN THE STALLS



Sport and General

A general view of the ceremony round the King Edward statue at Cannes during the Anglo-French Fête to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Entente Cordiale. The Fête, which was attended by many famous representatives of the two countries, was a great success

MAYORAL VISITOR CA

Some of the members of the procession of British Lord Mayor Ma honour of the 25th Anniversary of the Entente Cordiale Duk King Edward VII statue memo

London Pavilion is the last place in which I should have believed myself to be. The Royal Enclosure, or the Royal Academy, or the paddock at Goodwood, perhaps—but not a theatre.

OUR AVIATION NUMBER NEXT WEEK

will include Special Articles by

SIR ALAN COBHAM, K.B.E., A.F.C.
THE HON. LADY BAILEY
COL. THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C.
MR. IVOR McCLUSE and
CAPT. C. E. WARD (Our Aviation Correspondent)

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Beauty in the Stalls

So hypnotic was the effect of Lady Curzon's diamond and sapphire necklace that I confess my gaze frequently wandered from the stage. Then there was the beauty of the Hon. Mrs. "Reggie" Fellowes and Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps, and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, and the Marquise de Casa Maury, and Lady Abdy, and Lady Plunket, and many more. A wonder, indeed, that any eyes were on the stage at all! Then hardly had the curtain fallen than the boat trains were hurrying so many of that audience on to the green grass of Le Touquet's famous golf course and around the equally famous green baize of the gaming tables. As the gallery had lightly cheered Mr. Selfridge's entry into his stall, so the *croupiers* permitted their customary immobility to relax into a fleeting smile of welcome as he took his place in the Casino, and for Miss Ethel Levey (Mrs. Grahame White) and Mrs. Peter Thursby (Miss Poppy Baring) the lights of Piccadilly were exchanged for the sunshine of the Pas de Calais. Le Touquet without Lord Portarlington would hardly be Le Touquet for many people. One day, perhaps, the good citizens of the town

Lafayette

Miss Victoria Pole-Carew, the younger daughter of the late Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew Her engagement to Lieutenant Peter Du Cane, R.N., has been announced recently

VISITORS TO ITALY

will erect a statue to him at Le Touquet as Cannes did to Lord Brougham and Vaux for bringing fashion and prosperity to the Riviera. Lady Ashley—who on the eve of her departure I had seen dancing with our Socialist baronet, Sir Oswald Mosley—Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Lady Mountbatten's rich and attractive sister, and Mrs. "Jack" Barran—a Ruthven twin, it will be remembered—were further figurative flowers in Le Touquet's holiday buttonhole. And I had almost forgotten to mention Sir John Milbanke and his lovely wife, who was Lady Loughborough.

In Italy Now

Now let us pass to Italy, and, without the aid of the Rome Express,

CANNES Keystone

Mayors who visited Cannes for the celebrations in Duke of Connaught unveiled a plaque in front of the emoration of the occasion

find ourselves amidst the spirit of the Medici and following the footsteps of Sir Austen Chamberlain in Florence. Florence, says one of my ubiquitous correspondents, has been having merited sunshine after winter weather of intolerable behaviour, though at Como the spring winds are still breaking in the windows. Sir Austen Chamberlain, who went out to visit his daughter, and Lady Chamberlain have been pursuing the prescribed round of sights with proper tourist zeal: the Palazzo Vecchio, the Uffizi Gallery, the Bargello, the Pitti Palace, and I trust his history has been equal to the occasion, for one stumbles against the crowded pages of Renaissance life at every step. Others who were in Florence for Easter were Mrs. Loeffler and her daughter. They were completing on land the Mediterranean cruise begun on board their yacht, and with them were Lord and Lady Ossory, Lord Caledon, Lady Catherine Willoughby, and Colonel Leatham. Lord and Lady Alington were of this yachting party, and no doubt would have been with Mrs. Loeffler in Florence but for Lord Alington's unfortunate fall down the lift-shaft of a Rome hotel. Also from Florence I heard that the Italian pianist Volterra is to give recitals here at the Æolian Hall. His first took place yesterday, and his next will be on the 17th. He married the younger daughter of Mrs. Ethel Kelly, the Australian novelist, who lives in Florence.

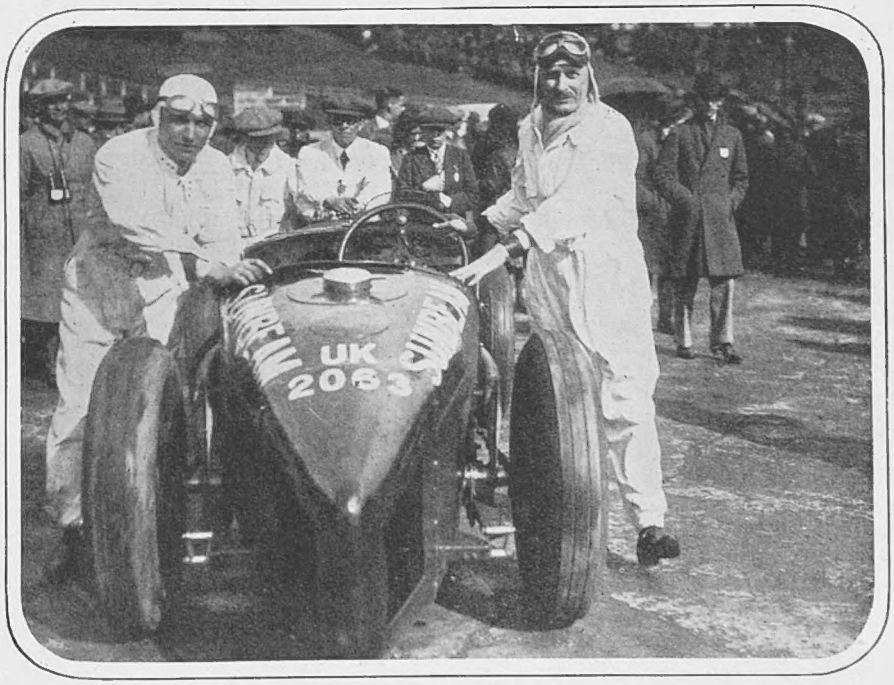
Fancy Dress History

I CANNOT leave the subject of Italy without telling of an amazing party that takes place this week in Sicily, at the Palazzo of the Duca della Verdura at Palermo. Here it was that Lady Hamilton gave the famous reception to Vice-Admiral Nelson—as he then was—after his victorious return from Aboukir Bay,

Topical

CONNUBIAL CONFIDENCES

Lady Cubitt fixes her husband's cap before one of the races at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point, near Sommerton. Lady Manton is seen watching the proceedings



AT BROOKLANDS Express Photos

Mr. Kaye Don, the racing motorist, with the Sunbeam car in which he set up a new record on the Brooklands track on Easter Monday. His speed was 132·46 m.p.h., which he attained in the last race but one, after failing in his official attempt earlier in the day

A FANCY DRESS AFFAIR

EASTER AT DEAUVILLE

Above are seen some of the vast crowd of holiday-makers who thronged Deauville during the Easter holidays, when everything was in full swing at this popular resort. Below are five jeunes filles *who put in a holiday on the hard courts. Young France is very keen on lawn tennis, a game at which she shines more and more*

where he sunk the French fleet and cut Napoleon off from France. The identical Palazzo now belongs to the Duca della Verdura, and he is giving this party to represent that reception. Lady Wimborne, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Captain and Lady Moira Lyttelton, and many others from Paris have all left for this magnificent fancy-dress ball. Lady Wimborne is to represent Lady Hamilton, though whether that will entail a mask by Mr. Oliver Messel I have no idea. Lord Rosslyn's son, Mr. Hamish Erskine, is to be Nelson, Lady Erroll is to be the Czarina of Russia, and the Duca della Verdura is to be Napoleon, which, as Napoleon was nowhere near the scene, is a host's justifiable fancy-dress licence, I suppose.

A Duveen Disappears

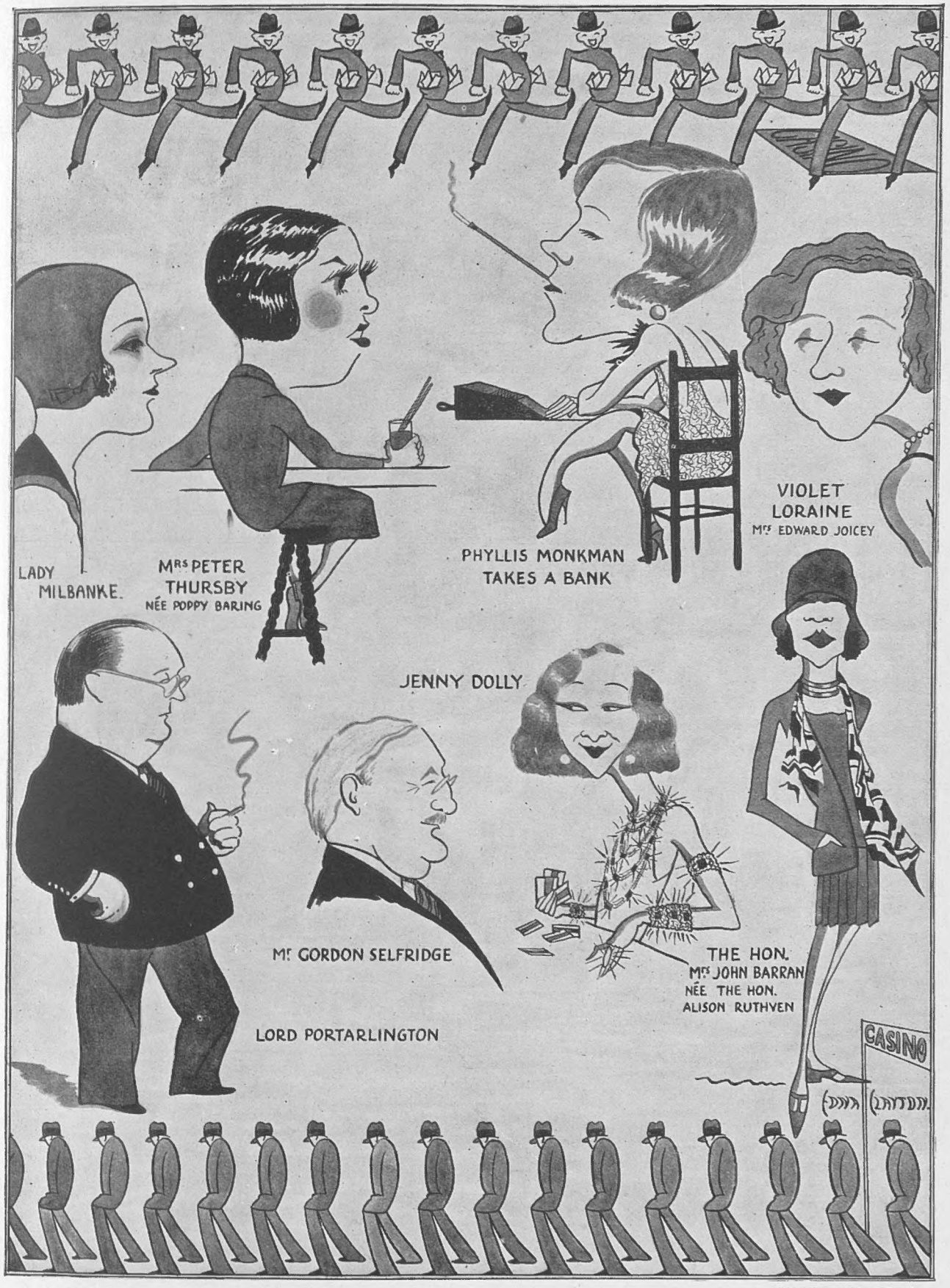
My post from Boston, Mass., was just a card, depicting in vivid colours the new Customs House Tower which, on the side reserved for communication only I read, "Will reach 505 feet into the air and will have a total of 30 stories in all, this being the highest building in New England." "The highest building in New England"; how naïvely American! The rest of the card was almost illegible, but after a second scrutiny I gathered it was from Claude Duveen, who disappeared from London's sight and sound in December, to stay with his uncle, Sir Joseph Duveen, in New York. Since when spasmodic cables and postcards have been all that distracted friends have heard of him. It was thought he was discarding the Bar for the traditional profession of his family, but I believe he is turning the easy brilliance of his capacities towards the study of American law, a wise addition to meet the necessities of litigious Americans over here.

(*Continued on page 61*)

Central News

The Prince of Wales photographed in flying kit on the day of his sudden aerial dash to Bognor to see Their Majesties. He was flown in an R.A.F. 'plane

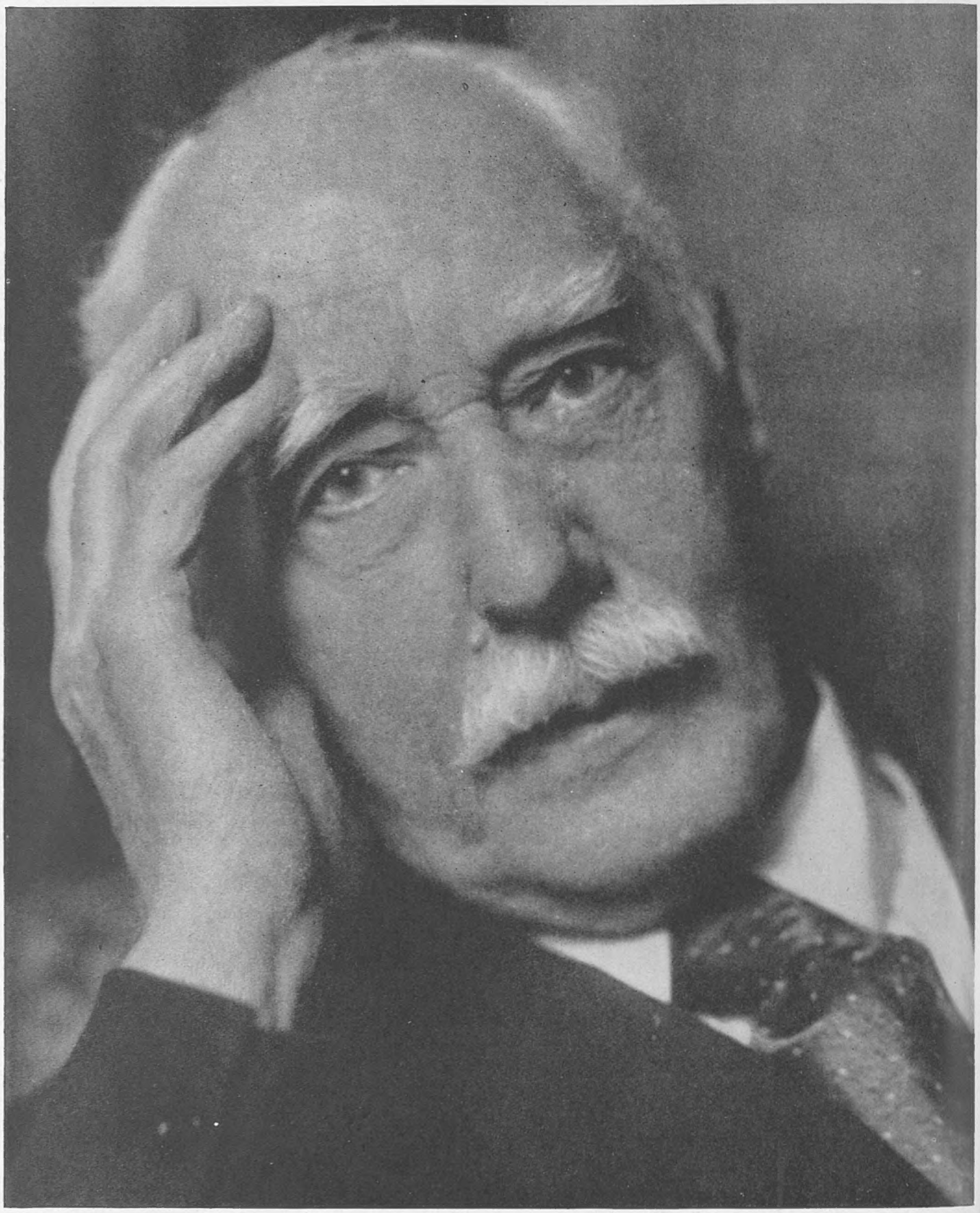
THE LURE OF LE TOUQUET



BY EDNA CLAYTON

Le Touquet is the Mecca of holiday-makers, for golf and lawn tennis offer plenty of amusement before the Casino gets busy after dinner and the real business of the day starts. Above are seen some well-known people who are to be found at the tables in the season, and who enjoyed a preliminary canter there at Easter

PRESENT-DAY CELEBRITIES AT HOME



BYSTANDER *Copyright*

Special Portrait by Howard Coster

SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BART., P.C.

Sir Frederick, though nearly eighty years of age, is the active President of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, and a prominent member of the famous I Zingari Cricket Club

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

GUNNERS' DAY AT SANDOWN PARK *Central Press*

The field taking the open ditch during the race for the Royal Artillery Gold Cup. Major T. H. Sebag-Montefiore's St. Roy (No. 4), the winner, with Capt. M. Dennis up, is seen lying third. Æsop (No. 3) was second, and Lightfoot (No. 8) finished third

RACING HINTS

(Add to the list of horses already published the names given below. They are horses to follow. We have had only one runner up to time of going to press, and that was High Spray (won 5 to 1).

FLAMING ROSE
(Br. M., by Flamboyant—Rosendaal). Owner, Mr. E. A. Elgee. Trainer, F. Hartigan. Finished third close up in a desperate finish in the North Riding Selling Handicap (seven furlongs) at Catterick Bridge. Was confidently supported to win, and will pay to follow. Showed good form over a mile at the back end of last season.

YELLOW ORIEL
(C., by The Yellow Dwarf—Miss Jessica). Owner, Sir H. Meux. Trainer, Persse. Was backed down from 100 to 14 to 4 to 1 in the Birmingham Stakes (one mile) at Birmingham. Carried 8st. 6lb. and finished fifth. Ran strongly, and it should be noted that there was "blower" money for him.

NIGHT DEW
(B. B., by Planet—Bubble). Owner, Mr. R. J. Colling. Trainer, Owner. Was badly placed when entering the straight at Leicester, or would have finished closer than sixth. Ran well during the early part of last season and should pay to follow.

DOUBLE AWAY
(B. C., by Bachelor's Double—Magnetic). Owner, Mr. A. B. Walker. Trainer, Persse. Was heavily backed at Leicester where he got into challenging position against Ghost Train, one of the most improved three-year-olds in training. Carried 8st. 13lb. Won once last year and was placed on three occasions.

MAVIS
(Ch. F., by Golden Sun—The Volvox). Owner, Mr. F. Astaire. Trainer, Leach, Jr. Was expected to win five furlong events at Leicester and Catterick Bridge, and was well backed. A slow beginner and finished third on each occasion. Won three races off the reel at the beginning of last season, following with two seconds.

PERFETTA FILLY
(By Franklin). Owner, Sir D. Cooper. Trainer, Leach, Jr. Was a "springer" at Leicester and stayed on splendidly to triumph in a thrilling finish. Promises to train on. Two-year-old and in form; can be supported with confidence.

(Continued from page 58)

Miss Ponsonby's Engagement

THERE is still a lingering surprise attaching to the announcement of Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby's engagement. It came as such untoward news that one who had so often defied conventionality, by the originality of her amusements, should so suddenly capitulate to the most conventional of sentiments. Cupid, however, always did shoot from unexpected angles. One has read of her in many guises: "Miss Ponsonby as an actress; Miss Ponsonby as a mannequin; Miss Ponsonby's bottle and bathing party; Miss Ponsonby as a mock bride"; in all of which her grandchildren may one day take delight, that is, if she indulges in the pastime of a press-cutting album. No doubt the spirit of social anarchy in her family is inevitable. Her father, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. MacDonald's Government, began his career as a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria; his brother, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, has served three generations of Royalty, but suddenly, as with Sir Oswald Mosley, there came the impulse of revolt. As Mr. Ponsonby became a Socialist politician so his daughter has become a social Socialist, though not, perhaps, without pangs in the paternal heart. Political opponents are so unscrupulous in their attacks, and some of the Labour Member's constituents might be led to misinterpret his daughter's escapades.

L.N.A.

Mr. Bernard Shaw at work in his little wooden—and revolving—hut in the garden of his home at Avot St. Lawrence. Among other literary activities, he has been engaged in an energetic correspondence with the St. Albans R.D.C. on the vexed question of an adjacent rubbish heap which has annoyed the dramatist's eyes and nose to an unpleasant extent of late

Sir Frederick Milner

SIR FREDERICK MILNER, an exclusive portrait of whom appears on page 60, is a veteran who defies evidently Anno Domini. The other day he was the guest of honour at a luncheon given at the Savoy in recognition of his work on behalf of the ex-Services Welfare Society, of 53, Victoria Street, and the same evening he was dining with the Lord Mayor at the I Zingari Dinner. Not bad for a public man in his eightieth

PUBLIC SCHOOL SPORTS AND A WEDDING

A view of the finals of the Senior Hurdles at the Harrow Sports. C. H. A. Liddell, the winner, who is seen on the right, also won the Hundred Yards and the Quarter Mile

Topical Press

Mr. W. W. Vaughan, M.V.O., M.A., the Headmaster of Rugby, with his bride, Miss Elizabeth Geldard, after their recent wedding at Rathwell, near Settle. The trainbearer and bridesmaid are John and Mary Geldard, the bride's nephew and niece

Photographs *Sport and General*

The finish of the Hundred Yards for Boys under Fourteen years of age at the Lancing Sports, won by M. D. L. Finlay. Both Harrow and Lancing were represented at the Public School Sports held at Stamford Bridge last Saturday

year! The Ex-Services Welfare Society, to which Sir Frederick devotes much of his time, runs two homes named after him, where nerve-racked ex-Service men are given suitable paid employment at a minimum wage of 45s. per week, and treatment which restores their self-confidence. There is the blessed solatium of work without charity, and the Society is doing a large business in blankets and pads, one of which was accepted by the King in his recent illness.

Helping the ex-Service Man

THE Ex-Services Welfare Society in 1922 was almost without funds, but, thanks to Sir Frederick Milner and the indefatigable Major Howard, its secretary, its income last year was over £40,000, the public realising the splendid work it performs among the many pathetic and distressing cases of the mentally unfit. As Sir Herbert Nield, M.P.—that robust critic of the Conservative Party when it neglects our ex-Service men—remarked, there is an extraordinary fineness of line between insensibility and insanity, and the Society's work is a constant effort to keep men from the border-line of insanity. In the year 4,231 ex-Service men appealed for help, which shows the need for such a society.

Guttenberg

An exclusive photograph of that clever young dancer Tilly Losch as she appears in "What is This Thing called Love?" in C. B. Cochran's 1929 Revue, "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion. She makes a great success in this show, where dancing is the most important feature

AT THE PLAY

REVUE REVELS AND A DOSE

"Love Lies" at the Gaiety sketched by H. H. HARRIS

"Wake Up and Dream" at the London Pavilion

WHENEVER C. B. Cochran produces a new revue one thing is certain, and that is that the show will have not only a distinctive air, but an air of distinction, for this manager is not only a great showman, but an artist who knows what he wants and—even more important—knows where to get it.

IN *Wake Up and Dream* it seemed to me that he knew he could not hope to secure a book as witty as that provided by Noel Coward in *This Year of Grace,* so in order to camouflage this inevitable falling off he determined to go all out to please the eye rather than the ear, and in consequence the dresses, *mise en scène* and dances completely eclipse his own record.

NEVER have I seen more beautiful effects and never have I seen more wonderful dancing. In fact, were there not such variety in the Terpsichorean turns these might almost be considered a surfeit. But not for me, especially as the revue is played at such break-neck speed that at the conclusion of each I was always left regretfully wishing that it were just a little longer.

AND what a team these dancers are! Here is Tilly Losch once more, a great artist who takes steps to show us that all sorts of dancing come alike to her. She is equally at home in the classical school of *Coppelia*—with its memories of the old Empire—as romping in a Bavarian pastorale or posturing as a Manchu Marchioness. Here is the sinuous grace of Laurie Devine; the charm of Margie Finley; the dash of Chester Fredericks, and the Spanish turns of Tina Meller, whose face carries almost the note of tragedy. And even then the list is not complete, for June Raper and Jack Kinney are on hand and foot with tango and waltz, and Freda, Gertrude, and Louis Berkoff give an inkling of what Russian steppes are like.

APART from the dancing the note struck throughout appears to be cynicism. The sketches are cynical, the songs are cynical, the humour is cynical, and Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews — slightly overweighted—bear the brunt. I think their task would be easier if, for once in a way, a touch of old-fashioned sentiment were allowed to creep in, but what I missed most of all was the low-life actuality of a Maisie Gay. Still, one cannot have everything one wants in this world, and C. B. Cochran has seen to it that we have full measure—and running over—for the price of admission.

"Afraid of the Dark" at the Royalty

FOR some reason which I cannot fathom this Yankee crook play has been brought to England and produced at the Royalty Theatre. I believe that this play was popular on the other side of the Atlantic, but were this the case I take leave to doubt that it resembled that seen at the Royalty, and it is probable that chops and changes have been made which would would hardly appeal to the author, Howard Irving Young.

AN attempt is made to disarm criticism by calling this play an exciting improbability. With the latter word I am not disposed to quarrel, for the hero is a young man who, to cure himself of being afraid of the dark, becomes a burglar and steals—though he does not dispose of—valuable jewels! But if this was his sole reason for breaking into houses it is difficult to understand why he is the chief of a gang of crooks!

A THEME of this sort is a kind of pill which it is difficult to swallow unless washed down with something extremely palatable. This something was not provided at the Royalty Theatre, and the cast had a hard task to face in consequence. Such clever actors as Fewlass Llewellyn, Jack Hobbs, H. R. Hignett, J. Farren Soutar and Arthur Chesney did their damnedest, but only Keneth Kent really appeared to enjoy himself as the hero, complete with stutter and oozing good motives for questionable deeds. Palpably he believed he was portraying a real character, but his enthusiasm, though worthy, was misplaced.

"Big Fleas" at the Comedy

JEVAN BRANDON THOMAS, the author of *Big Fleas,* has also been attacked by the crook bacillus, but the infection has reacted upon him in another way. It is true that he also has thrown probability to the winds, but his game

OF DETECTIVES By VERNON WOODHOUSE

is not to create excitement but to excite laughter. There are all sorts and conditions of people stopping at the Hôtel Splendide on the south coast of England, and it transpires that the majority of them are all after the inevitable and valuable jewels. Unsuspected by one gang others are after the "sparklers," and though we do not see it, as no bill is presented to any guest, I suspect the hotel proprietor is as big a robber as any of them!

Even the hero turns out to be a crook, which was somewhat confusing, because he was supposed to be a millionaire to whom the jewels belonged, so what he was after was not very clear, unless it was the jewel of a hotel bookkeeper who announces her intention of reclaiming him directly after their marriage! The whole play is a joke, very brightly written, which, though the humour towards the end becomes of the slap-stick variety, caused a first-night audience to laugh early and laugh long.

Basil Foster makes a pleasant crook hero. G. H. Mulcaster is a villain of authority, and when I add that Sydney Fairbrother as a respectable-looking old hotel *habituée* is really "Fanlight Fanny," you will realise that Fanny is really funny. The character who amused me most, however, was Horace Leon Goodstein, as played by Reginald Purdell. I have never met a Jewish gentleman off the stage in any way like him, but his self-deprecating manner would be a perpetual joy anywhere.

"The Man at Six," at the Queen's Theatre

The cry is still they come! Yet one more crook play saw the light when *The Man at Six*, by Jack Celestin and Noel Doon, was produced at the Queen's.

The ultra-respectable neighbourhood of Kingston (on-Thames presumably), at a house called "The Chestnuts," is the scene of some very queer goings on, with a dead body featured prominently, and, as usual, the audience—or some of them—are left wondering till the fall of the curtain who did the dirty deed—also why!

A pathetic note on the programme begs both Press and audience not to disclose the *dénouement* of the play, which assuredly cramps the style of those dramatic critics who receive editorial instructions to tell the story to the public! Personally, being lazy by disposition, I have not the faintest desire to do so, but I will add that this *dénouement* is not quite so original as the authors may believe.

I do not think I shall be giving the show away when I state that the late Grant Allen made use of the same idea in a short story he wrote about forty years ago. I make no suggestion of plagiarism, and only mention the coincidence to show how impossible it is to find an absolutely new idea.

Of its kind this is not a bad mystery play, and it is acted with all conviction by a company the principals among which, Mary Glynne, Dennis Neilson Terry and Frederick Reisler, have chances which they do not miss.

A Musical Comedy Note

The number of musical comedies at present seeking support in London constitutes a record, and assuredly a few of them will suffer in consequence, but I do not think that *Love Lies*, the principals in which are here drawn—or should it be caricatured?—by H. H. Harris, will be included in the list of casualties. V. W.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT

By Mundo

"The Race-going type may yearn . . . for domestic felicity"

Miss Ethel Mannin's views on the male sex in general, perhaps, by some, will be considered sweeping. This article is the first of those on the subject written by the talented authoress, and in publishing them the Editor begs it to be understood that he is not necessarily agreeing in any way with the views expressed

I SUPPOSE that if a sophisticated woman really set out to tell all she knew on the subject of men the result would not get past the censor—particularly in these days when it is being drastically demonstrated that though the pen may be mightier than the sword, it is not mightier than the law. However, as an eminent American friend of mine long ago remarked, "I tell the truth as much as I dare, and I dare a little more as I grow older." (Fathers of growing girls will now skim nervously through this series each week with a view to satisfying themselves that the issue can be taken home to a pure daughter. The quaint part is that the daughters will probably do the same thing to see if the series is fit for a pure father. The modern generation is like that. It has been charged with having been born disillusioned, but it still cherishes the charming illusion that it alone is shock-proof. Neither generation need be alarmed, however. No one is more appreciative than I of Browning's gentle protest, "Nay, but there's a decency required. . . .")

NOW men are very much addicted to dividing women up into groups and cataloguing them, stolid saints and sparkling sinners, good women and gay women, women who indulge in midnight champagne, and women who prefer a nice glass of nourishing hot milk; in short, women who have sex-appeal, as we call it nowadays, and women who haven't. It is a very sound and complete cataloguing, for every kind and type of woman must ultimately fit into one or other of the two groups. Unfortunately men are not so easily catalogued. Perhaps because "sex-appeal" is not so prevalent amongst men. If you disagree, take a look at the varied assortment of the male species next time you are in the Tube—the Tube is as good a place as any, because in these democratic days peers and plumbers, baronets and bank clerks, the man-about-town and the man-about-suburbs, all obey the injunction to travel Underground. On the Tube, therefore, you may study all types of humanity at leisure, and you will see what I mean about sex-appeal. The chances are that when you do finally spot a young man with any sex-appeal worth writing home about you will most likely discover that "he" is one of those ultra-modern young women, complete with side-whiskers and gent's natty spring suiting. . . .

THE extraordinary part is that the man with the least sex-appeal is invariably the one who most "fancies his luck with women." Than which there is no more tedious type, whatever his age; the elderly would-be gay dog is ridiculous, and the young one pathetic if you have a kind heart, and insufferable if you haven't. The elderly lady-killer is a relic of the Regency period of bucks and rakes and mashers. The poor lamb still imagines that it is "dashing" to take a chorus-girl or a pretty typist out to supper; he calls one "little girl," and makes embarrassingly elephantine compliments regarding one's looks, figure and clothes. He long ago made up his mind that all women, irrespective of intelligence, like to be flattered, petted, and made love to. He is what they call in the States a "sugar-daddy," and is a happy hunting-ground for "gold-diggers." He is pitifully susceptible to flattery, particularly concerning his age.

THE *young* man who believes that women find him irresistible is not so easily managed. It is no use trying to be kind to him; he is much too conceited to notice any such efforts, whether they be genuine or of ulterior motive. He believes that "the greatest compliment a man may pay a woman is to desire her." I quote the actual words of one such young man of my acquaintance. This type of young man merely despises the woman who rejects his advances; he regards her as a fool who does not know a good thing when she sees it. He really believes that every woman who attracts him should regard herself as the favoured of fortune, and that he bestows a favour with every kiss. He never pays women compliments; he expects any compliment that is going to be directed towards himself—and so many women are so fatally susceptible to male good looks that they play into his hands and hand him the verbal floral tributes that are the breath of life to him—and which, incidentally, have made him what he is! He is selfish to the core, whereas the elderly lady-killer is at least sentimental in his sensuality and, properly managed, that is to say, by a

MEN: By ETHEL MANNIN

woman who knows exactly what material she is dealing with, his sentimentality may be made to defeat his sensuality.

BUT there is another and more dangerous type of sensualist, and that is the sensualist who hides under the mask of the puritan. Now *there is no more rabid puritan than the reformed rake.* All the best saints led dissolute lives before they allowed the pendulum to swing over to the other extreme and became ascetics. Consider St. Anthony, St. Augustine, St. Francis. This is psychologically readily understandable; swing the pendulum over as far as it will go in one direction and it is on the verge of toppling over in the other. Moreover, the reformed rake has a conscience concerning his past; therefore he lashes out most vehemently at all the moral aberrations to which he was himself once addicted, and this lashing out is a sop to that conscience. By attacking his own natural inclinations in this way he gains as much satisfaction as if he indulged in them; the thing is in the nature of a perversion. *There is no man so bitter about the lapses of others as the man who has suppressed lapses in himself.* Always he sees in the moral falling away of others his own suppressed self—and his conscience lashes itself to a frenzy. He is an obscenity more obscene than anything which he attacks.

IN contrast with these three types of sensualist, the sentimental, the cynical, and the spiritual sensualist, there is the Idealist. From whom all normal women pray to be saved. He is for ever attempting to justify his relationship—or contemplated relationship—with women. He is for ever bleating about his wretched, unhealthy, unnatural, anæmic little ideals, always trying to spiritualise natural impulses in order to make them acceptable to himself—that is to say, to make them fit in with his ideal-ridden moral code. He insists on distressingly sharp differentiations between love and lust. He never by any chance alights on the true, human, healthy, happy medium. He insists so much that we do not live by bread alone that he forgets that, even so, we still need bread. For ever straining towards the stars, he overlooks the fact that earth is also a star. Usually the rabid idealist is very young.

I PURPOSELY do not divide men into the conventional types—that are not types at all—such as the Bright Young Person, the Man-about-Town, the Hunting Type, the Racing Type, the Contented Hubby, the Discontented Business Man, and so on, for the simple reason that what men do for a living or for amusement does not make them what they are as individuals. The Bright Young Person who is the life and soul of a cocktail party may be equally a cynical sensualist or an unbalanced sentimentalist; the Contented Hubby of the suburbs who cuts the hedge and mows the lawn at the week-ends, and takes the children and the dog for a walk on Sunday mornings, may be a rabid romanticist as easily as the Man-about-Town or the Race-Going type may yearn in the secret places of his heart for quiet, comfortable, uneventful domestic felicity. Men, like women, tend to hide behind a carefully erected and jealously preserved *façade.* There is, for instance, no such thing as the big Business Man type, or the "Artistic" type, the Cosmopolitan type, or the Suburban type, but there is definitely the sentimental sensualist, and the cynical sensualist, the æsthetic type, and the he-man type, the commonsense type to whom a thing must be necessarily right or wrong, black or white, whose ideas are preconceived and unchanging, and whose ideals are all ready-made to a standard pattern prescribed by home-life, public school, or university—the type which tries to compress the whole gamut of life into a prescribed formula—and the violently radical type who believes that nothing is completely true, including that remark. There is not one characteristic that one can light upon and say that they all have this in common. Certainly not their attitude towards Woman. There are more male attitudes towards Woman than there are male types, for behind the *façade* of one type may war half a dozen conflicting attitudes—but that is another subject.

Miss Ethel Mannin's next article in her trio of "What I Know About Men" will be entitled,

"MEN IN LOVE."

By Mundo

"The elderly lady-killer is a relic of the Regency period"

FILM NOTES

One of the most spectacular scenes in the "talkie" film, "Noah's Ark." Dolores Costello as Miriam is seen being swept away on the flood that engulfs the cities of the plain

NOAH'S FLOOD and SONNY BOY

By

LADY ELEANOR SMITH

Lady Eleanor Smith, the elder daughter of Lord Birkenhead, has made the films her special subject, and will contribute an article on film topics weekly in "The Bystander"

RECENT and rather rueful memories of "Ben Hur" and the "Ten Commandments" had led me, optimistically enough, to suppose that the day of the super-spectacle had passed for ever and that even in Hollywood quantity was no longer invariably considered to be synonymous with quality.

"NOAH'S ARK" has caused me to revise my views. Many of the scenes are conceived with a rare imaginative beauty that is entirely captivating; many more, alas! are distinguished only for their banality, dullness and atrocious sentimentality. For some time, I may as well confess, I was in doubt as to whether or not I had come to the right cinema, since I found myself watching for approximately one hour the tribulations of three modern young people who had strayed into the feverish Paris of August, 1914. "Where," I asked myself repeatedly, "is Mr. Noah? Where are the animals walking two by two into the Ark? Where, indeed, is the Ark itself?"

I THEN perceived—possibly by slow degrees—that poor Mr. Noah, his Ark and his animals were being employed merely as a vague allegorical background to a story of the Great War.

THE summer of 1914—a trans-Continental express flying across the country. Inside the train is collected as varied an assembly of humanity as you may wish to see anywhere. Two hearty and idealistic young Americans of the "Hank and Buddy" type; a pure, golden-haired German girl who is virtue personified; a grey-bearded religious fanatic who preaches to his fellow-passengers in the intervals of reading his Bible; a sinister Russian officer who leers at the German girl; a young Frenchman, reading *La Vie Parisienne;* etc., etc. As I, personally, have never yet seen in any film a ship or train that is not eventually wrecked, I was well prepared for the appalling smash which rapidly ensued and from which our leading players escaped without so much as a scratch.

THE two Americans escort Marie, the German girl, to Paris, where Al joins the American Army, and Travis, disliking very much the idea of leaving his sweetheart, refuses point-blank to fight. I need hardly tell you that patriotism finally prevails, and we soon see the brave boy leaping gallantly into the ranks of the recruits parading down the Champs Elysées. In "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" the enlistment and regeneration of the spoilt young hero became something fine and moving; in "Noah's Ark" you don't much care whether Travis is a coward or not.

JUST before the Armistice, Travis and Marie become reunited somewhere near the Belgian frontier. She is to be shot as a spy; he is a member of the firing party. Hovering near at hand is our old friend the fanatic priest of the train, who is there to administer consolation to Marie. Just as the rifles are levelled, however, and just as Travis is refusing to shoot the woman he loves, a terrific German explosion buries the whole party in an underground cellar. Death seems imminent, and the old priest promptly seizes the occasion to point out to his companions the (to me) obscure parallel of the Flood and the Great War.

IT is like that. The Biblical scenes of the film are remarkable for their grandeur and dignity, if not their correctness, although this sort of thing was equally well done many years ago by a man we are apt to forget, D. W. Griffith, at a time when the silent film was even more youthful than is the Talkie to-day. I have, all the same, one complaint to make about this portion of the picture—we are shown too much Flood and too little of the Ark. My great moment arrived when the animals began to process—for exactly one minute! I was bitterly disappointed. The actual Flood scenes, while lasting too long, are a marvel of technical resource, and

one can't even begin to imagine why all the 7,500 extras were not drowned.

IT was something of a shock, after so much barbaric magnificence, to return to the fortunes of the firing-party in the 1918 cellar "somewhere in Belgium." They are, of course, rescued, and the sudden declaration of the Armistice makes the shooting of Miss Dolores Costello unnecessary, something of a foregone conclusion for those who know their movies.

I AM afraid that the introduction of a Movietone sequence into this film is nothing short of utterly disastrous. I have always been a warm admirer of Mr. Noah Beery, but I must confess that my faith in him as an actor has been somewhat shaken since I have heard him converse in broad American while impersonating an aristocratic Russian officer! Miss Costello as the German girl makes no attempt at a foreign accent, although she is supposed to be speaking English with her American lover. The Talkies are undoubtedly bringing our idols low.

No review of "Noah's Ark" would be complete without some comment upon the slabs of nauseous sentiment with which the modern sequences of the film are burdened. The spectacle of two young soldiers embracing each other like sickly schoolgirls has become, since "Wings," a familiar one; but even this enormity pales into insignificance beside a certain conversation between Al and Travis:

"If I get bumped off," says Al to his friend, "I've got a girl who'll cry for me, too . . ."

"Who is she?" inquires Travis.

Al, with a proud smile, produces from his tin hat a photograph of a snowy-haired, saintly-looking woman. Across the picture is inscribed, "To my Sonny Boy, with love from his Mother . . ." When will the American producers learn to regard mothers in a normal fashion? We are becoming literally surfeited by mothers.

Dolores Costello and George O'Brien in an antediluvian love scene in "Noah's Ark"

Another study of George O'Brien as he appears as Japhet upbraiding the followers of false gods whose temples are swept away in the Flood

The exquisite pictorial beauty of the quasi-Biblical scenes does something to alleviate the embracing soldiers and the weeping mother, although George O'Brien is a somewhat loutish hero, and Dolores Costello as Marie is pretty but colourless. Noah Beery, apart from his disastrous incursion into spoken drama, is excellent as the Russian officer.

"The Hands of Orlac"

NO discriminating film-goer can afford to miss this weird and fantastic German picture, now being shown at the Avenue Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue. The performance of Conrad Veidt as the musician who loses his hands in an accident, and who believes that the doctors have grafted upon him a murderer's hands, equals as a *tour de force* the same actor's portrayal of a sleepwalker in "Cagligari." Mr. Veidt has a curious gift for capturing the very spirit of the uncanny and the sinister. "The Hands of Orlac" was shown privately some years ago by the Film Society; this, however, is its first public presentation in England.

ELEANOR SMITH.

CHANEL

By SYLVIA LYON

IN Paris there is a Salon de l'Escalier in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. In the Rue Cambon, *chez* Chanel, is another Salon de l'Escalier. On the beige staircase, backed by great slender faceted mirrors, overlooking the mannequins below, one might fall up or down the stairs any afternoon over an assortment of celebrities, from Sem, the acid caricaturist, to me (says this writer modestly). For at three o'clock in the afternoon, while clients gather in the salons below to see Chanel's famous collection, Gabrielle Chanel's collection of friends are waiting to see her when she returns from lunch. And we sit and talk about everything in the world except dress-making. And suddenly, one day, I said to the brilliant little Gabrielle, "I think I will interview you." "Well, why not?" said she. So I followed her right upstairs to her private office. It is a plain little room.

I LOOKED on her desk, expecting to see a lot of designs and papers and things, and all I saw was a powder compact and a cigarette box. "You seem to be quite a Feminist," I began to remark, when I was interrupted by the arrival of Murray Sachs, who is getting to be a very important young picture dealer, and they started talking about Chirico's, so I went downstairs to look at dresses instead. A few days later, with Madame Sert, I went to lunch at Chanel's house in the Faubourg St. Honoré. After lunch we sat in a room filled with flowers and glorious Louis XV furniture. Chanel and Roussie were then discussing the qualities of the latter's silver fox.

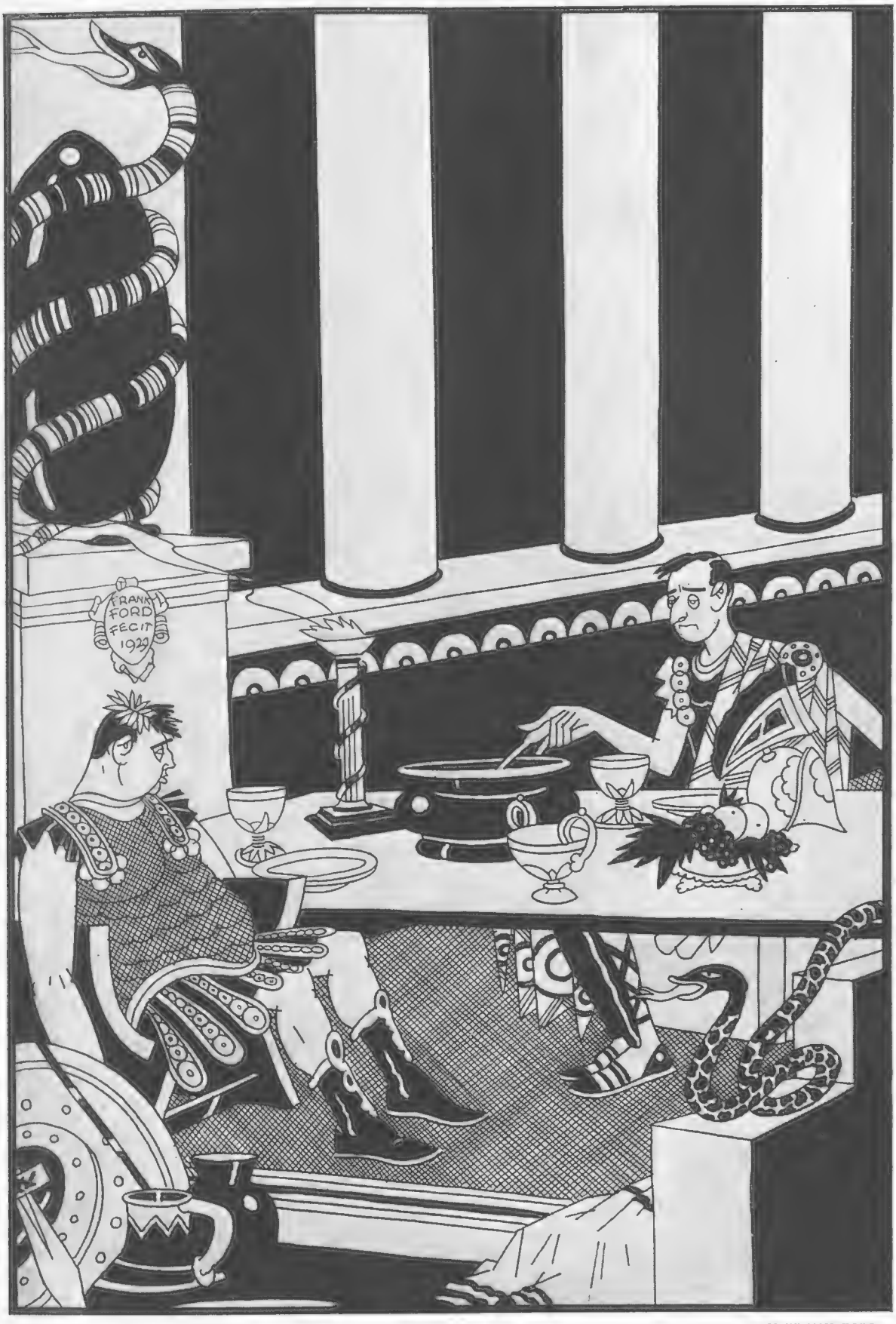
"*Voyons . . . écoutez . .*" I interrupted. "Kindly transfer your attention from that fox to this Lyon. As I asked you once before, with no result, from where do you get all your ideas for dresses and things?" "Do you think that's a funny question?" asked Chanel. "I thought you were a humorist!" "Now don't talk shop," I warned, "or I'll ask you all about your Career." "Now just for a surprise," she replied, "I'll tell you why I have a Career: if I didn't, two thousand people would be out of work."

CHANEL evidently likes to see people occupied, for just then in walked her coiffeur, to give her a wave. Chanel originated short hair for women, and now that everybody has short hair she has let hers grow long. And she has never plucked her eyebrows, which denotes her strength of character, but having eyebrows is not the only thing that shows her character; you ought to see her chin, and her little upturned nose that is haughty . . . but it's nice. We then talked about friendships. "I'm not a bit afraid of my enemies," said Chanel, because I can easily keep away from them. It is my friends whom I fear. They are always with me, and at times it is overpowering." "I had better be going," I said, having not the least intention of doing so. Chanel is a super-woman. No matter what she says to the contrary she is an artist: she is the "Tote" of the Princesse Bibesco's "Noblesse de Robe." And it was to the Princesse that she denied being an artist. "I am just the opposite," she claimed. "An artist creates a picture that is intended to startle or æsthetically disturb the observer, and in a hundred years the picture is considered beautiful. I create a dress that pleases at once, and that in six months will look ridiculous."

CHANEL

A recent camera study of the famous Parisian dress-designer

CHANEL has had a great influence upon feminine ideas in Paris, as many women in the best French Society have gone into business, after her fashion. But she always seems to be one jump ahead of everybody. She has even jumped across her own Rue Cambon, for now her own *fabrique* from her own designs supplies materials for a separate shop. She has created her own life. She has never married. In the Rue Cambon she is simply spoken of as "Mademoiselle." Another woman in another era of France was known as "La Grande Mademoiselle." And I am sure that one day "Coco" Chanel will go down in history as another "Grande Mademoiselle de France." And won't she be surprised, if she reads this, to find out that she has been interviewed after all?



BY FRANK FORD

"I hear that Nero was torturing Christians again last night"
"Someone ought to take that fiddle away from him!"

HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS: GOLF, RUGBY

Fox Photos

Archie Compston and George Duncan, two of our Ryder Cup team, recently played a match against two leading amateurs, namely, Mr. Roger Wethered and Major C. O. Hezlet, at Coombe Hill. In the above photograph Compston is seen putting on the sixth green. His opponent, Major Hezlet, is seen sitting on the edge of the green in the left foreground

Keystone

Archie Compston playing from the fairway approaching the fifth green in the match in which he and Duncan beat Mr. Wethered and Major Hezlet. The professionals won 5 up and 3 to play

Central News

A forward melée during the England and France Rugby International. Played at the Colombes Stadium before a record crowd, the game resulted in a win for England, who beat their opponents by the comfortable margin of sixteen points to six, thus avoiding the unenviable distinction of being the only holders of the mythical wooden spoon which goes to the country that loses the greatest number of International matches in the season

LAWN TENNIS AND MOUNTAINEERING

Topical Press

Mr. Neville Chamberlain fishing the Cairnton Water, Deeside. The Minister of Health and Major Jack Hill, M.P., have been staying with Mr. A. E. H. Wood, of Cairnton, who is a noted bee expert

Photographs *Keystone*

London girls enjoying a strenuous holiday mountaineering in the neighbourhood of Fort William in the Scottish Highlands. They are seen negotiating one of the difficult crags on Ben Nevis, which is still capped with the snows of winter

The top photograph shows Fraulein Aussem, the German lawn tennis star, shaking hands with Miss L. Johnstone, whom she beat in the final of the Ladies' Singles at the Beau-Site Tournament, at Cannes. It is reported that the former is retiring from lawn tennis owing to eye trouble

if gossip we must

Binnie Hale, though sharing with Bobby Howes the honours in "Mr. Cinders," at the Adelphi Theatre, is seen here "resting"

Janet Jevons

Le Maire et la Municipalité de la Ville de Cannes having seen fit *prier* me *de leur faire l'honneur d'assister à la Réception officielle à l'occasion des manifestations anglo-françaises,* and so forth, I have just spent a week in that pleasant city, mercifully dodging Paris, with its 20,000 Easter trippers, who had *paqued* up their troubles in some very new kit-bags and made the hotel proprietors smile, smile, smile.

CANNES can, like Todgers, do it well. I could have imagined no pleasanter spot for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the *Entente Cordiale*. Members of that admirable body, the United Associations of Great Britain and France, were present in force; banquets, receptions, battles of flowers and gala performances followed in regular succession, and the town was beflagged, illuminated, and dolled-up generally for the occasion.

SURELY there is no English peer with a greater sense of *noblesse oblige* than Lord Derby. His health is not of the best for the moment, but he turned up at Cannes railway station to meet the English visitors and shake hands with all of them. Wearing the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honour, he smiled indefatigably at receptions during long speeches in French and English. Lord Mayors and mere Mayors—Manchester, York, Norwich, Hastings, and Coventry, were all thus represented—he seemed to take under his special wing.

Cannes was, of course, practically founded by the great Lord Brougham, whose statue is near the Hôtel de Ville. Young Lord Brougham, his great-grandson, an immensely tall and amiable youth, was to have joined the expedition. He got as far as Folkestone, but finding himself passportless, faded gently away and back to London.

THERE are many things at Cannes to excite envy even in a well-dined and well-wined guest, chief of them the collection of yachts in the harbour. Among them I found Sir Warden Chilcott's Dolphin, square-rigged and lovely, in which, I hear, Lady Yule (widow of the Anglo-Indian multi-multi-millionaire), who has a villa at Antibes, has recently been a trip to Palermo.

Yet almost as expensive as running a steam-yacht is to take a French taxi. The normal rate for a short distance is 20 francs. But for occult reasons this is nearly always doubled—*"c'est le tarif, m'sieu."* If you take a cab at 9.5 p.m. it is double, because it is after 9, or because it is before 10, or because it is April, or because it isn't Sunday, or for any other reason. Why?

TEDDY BROWN regards music in the broadest sense. He plays dance music on a xylophone, and

A HINT TO WINSTON

(The Budget is to be introduced on April 15.)

WE'D welcome a tax on those "flappers"
Of sixty-odd summers or more
Who, spurning their mittens, imagine they're kittens
And frolic around on the floor.
And what about taxing the road-hogs
We meet in such terrible flocks
By day and by night on the main road to Brighton,
Cutting-in on our poor Morris-Ox?

THEN how about taxing that blighter,
The amateur vocalist, whose
Sonny Boy-sterous voice is the worst of all noises
And gives us attacks of the "blues"?
Or why not descend on the actor
Whose talk is both awful and odd,
With "What I said to Swaffer about Gerald's offer"—
Then borrows two quid on the nod.

AND we must have a tax on the killjoy
Who makes this a town of the dead;
Crying, "Down with all night clubs. They aren't right but tight clubs,"
Then at ten turns to cocoa and bed.
But what we most need here in England—
And I'd put it on in two ticks—
Is a hefty and thumping, terrific, galumphing
Prohibitive tax upon fix. B.

whether you call him a *xylophonist* or a *xylophonist* does not in the least matter. What does matter is that Ciro's will be for some time all the more gay (and the standard of gaiety at Ciro's is a high one) for his enormous presence.

Were it not that, for all his bulk, Teddy is not in the least slothful, I would call to mind the *Megatherium Americanum,* or giant sloth, of which I have just been reading in H. G. Wells's book, "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island"; for nothing quite so vast has ever been seen in the world of music.

Moreover, he does not live merely on the leaves of trees. Came a time (as Mr. Wells would write) when Teddy sorely missed his steaks. He gets plenty of them now, and rather would I compare him with a genial master of the ceremonies, fat and facile, of the type portrayed on the stage by another heavyweight, Bruce Winston. Teddy has a band with him. Thinner.

MANY people have received with incredulity that story of a pheasant-chase in Piccadilly Circus which brightened up Good Friday. The bird, it seems (hovering, appropriately enough, in theatreland) had escaped from St. James's Park, and, impelled by the holiday spirit and a touch of spring in the air, was on its way to Leicester Square to see what it could pick up.

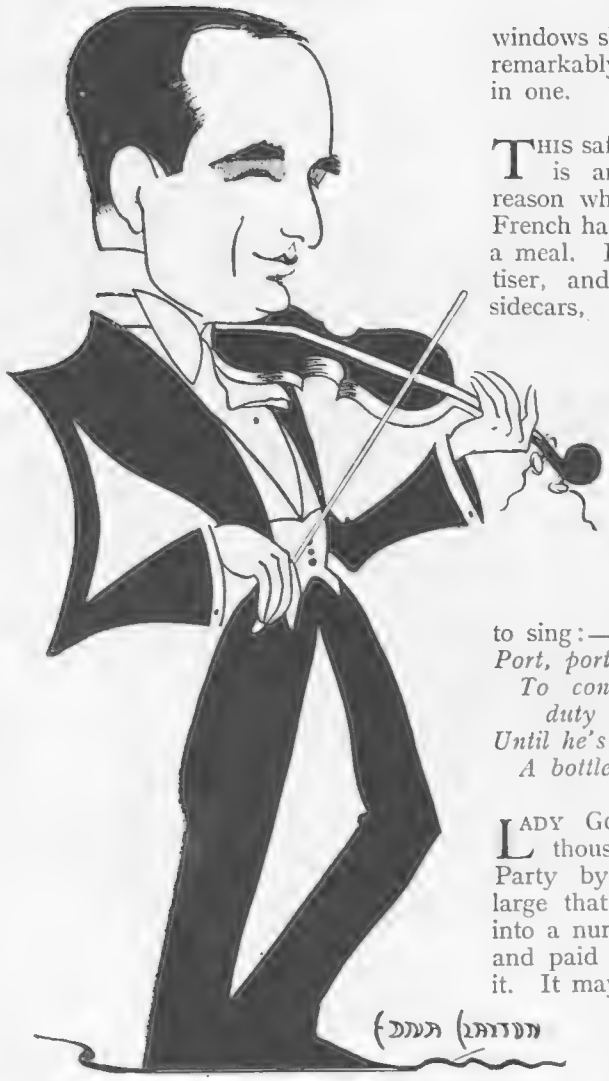
I ONCE saw a live trout run over by a motor 'bus in the Strand, and no one has ever believed me. My name is neither Louis de Rougemont nor Munchausen, nor Leslie Ivor Victor Gauntlett Bligh Barker, and saw it I did. They kept live blue trout at Romano's in those days, and the Savoy having run short of them, sent a waiter over with a bucket to borrow a few. On his way back he dodged a 'bus, slipped up, dropped the bucket, and—oh, hang it all, you can picture what happened.

By Kay

"D'you know, I've a half-mind to get married"
"That's all the mind necessary to think of such a thing"

Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, the hero and heroine who dance and sing their way through "Love Lies" at the Gaiety Theatre. In this photograph Cyril Ritchard is also seen making something of a racket

Dorothy Wilding



By Edna Clayton

The famous Ambrose, leader of his equally famous band, which discourses sweet music to guests at the May Fair Hotel, and incidentally to all those who listen-in to the music provided by the B.B.C.

I found a discussion cropping up in Seymour Hicks's dressing-room at the Lyceum the other night about men and their dress. Freddie Lonsdale put forward the name of an eminent novelist as that familiar figure "the best-dressed man in London." "Well, perhaps he is," said Seymour. "*But what part of London?*"

Four-post beds, complete with heavy curtains on each side, are coming into fashion again. This is, presumably, in preparation for the English summer.

It is a development of the craze for a return of early-Victorianism in furniture, started some years ago by Hugo Rumbold and developed by the Sitwells, who have since led it up somewhat *baroque* channels. I note, too, from wine-trade statistics, an increase in the sale of port—another reaction. The combination of the two suggests stuffy possibilities. Our great-grandfathers thought nothing of consuming a bottle or two of port after dinner and then going to sleep in a hermetically sealed bed with all the windows shut. Yet they were always remarkably fit—until they fell down in one.

This safe return to port (as it were) is an honest sign. I see no reason why we shouldn't follow the French habit of a glass of port before a meal. It is not at all a bad appetiser, and a welcome change after sidecars, monkey-glands, corpse-revivers, seventh heavens, and other and latest versions of Bronxes and Martinis. And has not this wine of Portugal come to be accepted as something specifically British? As poor Harry Pelissier used to sing:—

Port, port, no Briton ought
To consider that he's done his duty
Until he's felt beneath his belt
A bottle of the rare old fruity!

Lady Gort has presented a few thousand votes to the Labour Party by informing the world at large that she put her pet monkey into a nursing-home when it was ill, and paid fifteen guineas a week for it. It may be curious (though I can fully understand it) that such evidences of wealth as diamonds, costly motor cars and strings of hunters do not excite general anger among those not fortunate enough to possess them, while any mention of large sums of money expended on pampered pets makes by no means Bolshefied people leap with rage.

I will not draw the obvious parallel. Doubtless that is being done, with relish, by those most concerned, who have an excellent case.

But if one must send a monkey to a nursing-home to the tune of fifteen guineas a week on the eve of a General Election it is wiser to keep quiet about it.

"The English sneer at Americans as victims of the instalment payment plan," chirps the *Arkansas Gazette*, "which is all right as long as they keep up their payments on the late War."

There you have it, of course, in a peanut shell. America did not like it when we called her Uncle Shylock. So we must call her Uncle Drage instead.

After extensive voting as to its popularity, America has adopted the wild-rose as the national flower. Not, of course, the blush-rose.

The Chief: "Are you doing anything this eve
Miss Brown (hopefully): "No, nothing at all"
The Chief: "Then perhaps you'll be able to ge

I have had plenty of endorsement of my protest recently against the excessive religiosity of the B.B.C. programmes on Sunday. One further important point is that Sunday is the only day many men are able to listen-in at all—in the daytime, that is to say. What is the provision made for

Teddy Brown, to whom a reference is made on the pre
little daughter a lesson in music. Teddy Br

By Chicot

liss Brown?"

e office in time to-morrow morning!"

them? Until 3.30 p.m. nothing at all. After that there is little of anything beyond a long and tedious series of anthems and sermons.

Doubtless the Mussolini-like countenance of the Scottish chieftain of the B.B.C. belongs to an "unco' guid" person in Sir John Reith. But he should allow a little respite for the heathen.

Photopress

age—taken in bulk, as it were—is here seen giving his plump oon to be seen at Ciro's complete with Jazz Band

By Starr Wood

"You're not the only unhappily married man—have another drink and drown your trouble"
"Impossible! She's stronger than I am!"

I find it so difficult to believe that Lord Birkenhead ever failed to do anything he set out to do that I find the story of his just missing a scholarship at Harrow and then being consoled by his mother with a succession of coloured ices in a shop in Oxford Street peculiarly human.

Of course, the youthful F. E. Smith soon picked up scholarships galore, both at school and at Oxford, and there has never been a better case of a man who, in the best sense of the word, was self-educated. Which makes Mr. Philip Snowden's peevish assertion recently that the present Labour leaders, when they were twelve or fourteen years of age, were paying for Lord Birkenhead's education, look more foolish than ever. Mr. Snowden has not yet deigned to explain precisely which of the Labour leaders performed this remarkable feat, and how they came to manage it.

That beautiful woman Mrs. "Reggie" Fellowes has recently written her first novel, "Cats in the Isle of Man." Not many years ago she nearly made her appearance as a film star in a version of "The Queen's Necklace," the story Pola Negri, for reasons best known to herself, has "walked out" of. This film was being organised in Paris by the versatile and volatile Hugo Rumbold, who is a great authority on costumes of the Marie Antoinette period. Since Mrs. Fellowes is a direct descendant of the Duc Decazes, the favourite of Louis XVIII, and has many Bourbon relics in her house in the Rue Galilee, she was an excellent choice. Unfortunately, the whole scheme fell through at the last moment.

I have just met, after a longish interval, Benno Moiseiwitsch, the pianist, who, so far as this country is concerned, is nowadays seen but not heard—and isn't seen so very much. He has been away for over a year, touring in Australasia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and India, and in the course of his wanderings (a highly musical wandering Jew is Benno) has picked up plenty of money and taken unto himself a very charming wife, a Russian lady, whom he married in Shanghai in January.

He is off at once on more travels, this time South and Central America, from April to September, and then the States until Christmas. After that British concert halls (and billiard rooms, for he realises that piano keys are not the only things made out of ivory) will occupy him for at least a year.

Moiseiwitsch told me that the Chinese liked Chopin, though there is little suggestion of chopsuey about it, and nothing could be less like Chinese music. There is a chance, by the way, of hearing some genuine Chinese music in *The Circle of Chalk*, played on the quaintest of orchestras, which includes a flageolet, an E flat clarinet, a trumpet, a muted harp, a two-stringed fiddle, and all sorts of percussion, for your Chinese musician hits about everything he can think of that can be hit.

Every note in the Chinese scale has a moral significance, so it is as well that there are only five of them. "Doh," for instance, signifies a palace. Well, I suppose one can't have one without it.

AND SO WE GO ON

By MANVILLE KEITH

At nineteen Janet fell in love with a young actor who was playing at the local theatre. He was an attractive youngster with curly hair, blue eyes, an Oxford accent, and no money. They saw a lot of each other during the fortnight the young actor was in her town, and before the time came for the company to move on they had arranged to elope, for Janet was very passable, although far from rich.

On the last night a note was brought to the young actor as he sat in his dressing-room smoking a cigarette and musing on the wonderful time her love would bring him. He recognised the writing on the envelope, which he opened with feverish haste. He read the note, and then, screwing it up, flung it viciously into a corner. That dream at least was shattered.

"My darling" (Janet had written), "I don't know how to tell you, but something terrible has happened. I had got my boxes all packed and everything ready when mother found your notes. There was a terrible row, and she threatens to stop my liberty. Will you come and have it out with her?"

"God! What fools women are!" muttered the young actor as he picked up his writing-pad and started a letter to a pretty young girl in Streatham, of whom he had seen lamentably little lately.

* * *

At forty-nine Janet fell in love with a young actor who was playing at the local theatre. He was an attractive youngster with curly hair, blue eyes, an Oxford accent, and no money. They saw a lot of each other during the fortnight the young actor was in her town, and before the time came for the company to move on they had arranged to elope, for Janet was far from poor, although very *passé*.

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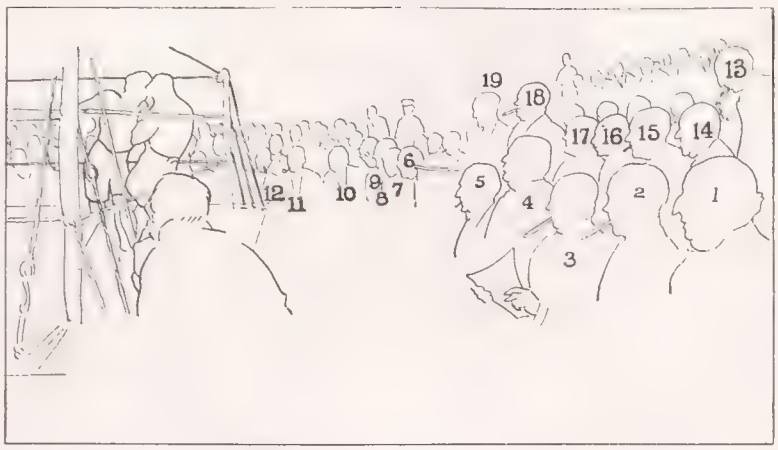
"God! What fools women are!" muttered the young actor, as he picked up his writing-pad and started a letter to a rich old woman in Mayfair, of whom he had seen lamentably little lately.



A Monday Evening at the National Sporting Club

Above is a key to the characters portrayed in George Whitelaw's cartoon on pp. 81 and 82 and concerning whom the artist writes In the front row, reading from right to left, are Sir Henry Curtis Bennett K.C. (1), Tom Webster (2), Harry Preston (3), Lord Tweedmouth (4), H. Simonis (5), "Pickles" Douglas (6), Victor Bridges (7), Major Myddleton (8), Sam Russell, the boxing referee (9), Trevor Wignall, the boxing expert (10), Commander Ward (11), and Capt. Claude Harper (12). In the second row, also from right to left, are L. F. Bettinson, the manager of the Club (13), George Graves (14), J. W. H. T. Douglas (15), James Dewhurst (16), and Commander Singer (17). In the referee's chair on his right is Eugene Corri (18), next to whom is Dr. W. J. Lawson, the doctor and timekeeper to the Club (19)

By Chicot

"Have you bought any banned books lately, darling?"

"No, dear. I've just read the reviews instead; they're so much more enlightening—and cost nothing!"

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BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT

A Monday Evening at the

An impression of a Monday evening at the National Sporting Club, the home of the "noble art." A key to the many well-kno some say will become a

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

E NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB

known people seen in the ringside seats is to be found on page 78. The fair-haired fly weight in the ring is Dick Inkles, who a second Jimmy Wilde

Out of the Blue

50's Decorated Tin
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150's Tin 7/3

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

NCC 542

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"In the mirror, as well as the reflection of his own face, was the face of a very beautiful young woman"

THE INCONVENIENT BEDROOM

By Sewell Stokes

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

This story was told to me by my friend Aubrey Calendar, a nice enough young man who does nothing—and does it rather well. It is really a story against Aubrey, but he assured me that I might tell it, because, he said, it may prove to be a lesson to other young men. A lesson in restraint. The fact of the matter is that Aubrey feels ashamed of himself after what happened to him that night at Cannes. And I'm certain he regards my recounting of his experiences rather in the light of a confession that he is only too happy to make. Confessions have the habit of easing a guilty conscience.

Every detail of this story, with the exception of the name of the hotel at which the episode took place, is true. I have Aubrey's word for that. But the managements of hotels, unless at the same time one praises the food, their service, or the softness of the beds, dislike having their names mentioned. Besides, one would scarcely expect the proprietor of any hotel to welcome publicity being given to such a very inconvenient bedroom as the one in question. So let us call it the Hotel Reposo; and add that it stands in the most fashionable quarter of Cannes.

The last train to Antibes, where Aubrey's perfectly good bed awaited him, had left Cannes two hours since. Aubrey had been to one of those gala dinner affairs where one gladly pays extra for the privilege of being overcrowded and underfed. However, he had enjoyed either the dancing or the champagne—or both—enough to remain until two o'clock in the morning. At which time, having no car of his own, and not finding anybody else with one going in his direction, he was faced with the prospect of resting his dance-weary limbs in Cannes. To this end he approached the Hotel Reposo. It looked to him, in the moonlight, like a gigantic sugar cake.

"We haven't a bed to spare in the place," said the man at the reception-desk to Aubrey, not too sweetly. At that time of the day the man was just a little tired of holding receptions.

"What!" cried Aubrey, "every one of your four hundred bedrooms occupied? And your four hundred bathrooms, too?" he added, remembering the boastful advertisement of that same hotel.

"We're always full up in the season, sir. I'm sorry."

But the man couldn't have been as sorry as Aubrey was. For Aubrey knew that one of the greatest illusions, in a world filled with them, is the illusion that the Riviera climate is very warm at night in winter. Somehow he didn't see himself tramping the streets until the departure of the first train.

"You *must* have just one room," he persisted. "You see I am very, very tired."

Aubrey says that the man at the desk looked at him, curiously, for quite half a minute. After which he said:

"We have got one bedroom to spare. We don't usually let it because it's an inconvenient kind of room. But since you're so tired, well, perhaps you'll not notice the inconveniences. You can have it."

There appeared to be nothing wrong with the room (on

(All rights strictly reserved.)

the first floor) to which Aubrey was conducted by a yawning page-boy. On the contrary, he rather liked it. A large double-bed—which he prodded to his satisfaction—a well-appointed bathroom adjoining. . . . What more could one want? Inconveniences! The man must be off his head.

So pleased was Aubrey by the fact that he could now go to bed and sleep as far into the day as he chose, that, to celebrate his good fortune, he descended to the lounge and ordered himself a final drink. On finishing this, with a friendly " good-night " to such of the hotel staff as still loitered about at that hour, he returned to his room.

Closing the door of the room behind him, he went straight over to the dressing-table, in front of which he sat down to light a cigarette before undressing. He had just waved out the match, and was about to throw it away, when a voice said:

" Won't you offer me one? "

Aubrey says that when he heard that voice his blood ran cold. Not that it was a sinister voice. It wasn't. Describing it afterwards, Aubrey said that it was like an echo of all the loveliest voices he had ever heard. What shocked him at the time was that he heard a voice at all. Knowing that there was nobody in the room, he thought that he must really have had too good a supper. And to get some idea of just how much champagne he had drunk he looked up at his reflection in the mirror. That completed the shock.

Aubrey, who never " saw " things as a rule, knew several people who did. But none of them, so far as he could remember, had ever seen what he saw at that moment. Pink lizards, or green rats, or enormous spiders—he might have understood; but what he saw bore no relation whatever to these accepted illusions. For in the mirror, as well as the reflection of his own face, was the face of a very beautiful young woman.

For a few seconds Aubrey closed his eyes. He tried to remember a prayer, but couldn't. Then he opened his eyes—to find that the beautiful young woman was smiling at him. Instantly he turned from the mirror and looked into the room. Yes, there she was in reality, sitting up in the bed; and now she was actually laughing at him. . . .

As soon as Aubrey realised that he was not " seeing things," but that a young woman was actually in his room —or he in hers—he recovered himself.

" I beg your pardon,' he stammered; " I must have mistaken the number on the door. Please forgive me. . . I . . ."

" Won't you give me a cigarette? " the young woman interrupted him, rather wistfully.

" Certainly." Aubrey offered her his case. He thought: " Well, I'm damned! " At the same time he noticed that she was more lovely, even, than he had at first thought. In Hollywood she might have been considered commonplace. But off the screen he had never seen anybody half as attractive.

Aubrey says, too, that she had a silver voice—whatever that may mean—and that really her face was of the kind that even good men commit crimes for.

" This is your room," she said. " At least, it's the one you've taken for the night. But perhaps you'll let me stay in it for a little while . . ."

" Minx," thought Aubrey. He actually thought of a stronger word than that. However. . . .

. " My name's Charmaine," said the lady, calmly.

Aubrey says that the name suited her very well. To look at her, he says, was to be certain that she had not been christened Maude, or Bertha, or Agnes.

" My name is Aubrey Calendar," said Aubrey, who simply couldn't think of anything else to say.

" Aubrey is a nice name," said the lady.

" Glad you like it," said Aubrey.

" I like you, too," said the lady.

This was too much, even for Aubrey, who had enjoyed his wine, and, in addition, found Charmaine very sweet to look upon. After all, a man really likes a little dignity in a woman; and Charmaine seemed not to have that little. Aubrey began to find the whole, strange situation a trifle

vulgar. He wondered what the Hotel Reposo had come to. . . .

" I must be going," he said, quite seriously, as he moved towards the door. " Good-night to you! "

" Please don't go," begged the lady, so wistfully this time, that Aubrey hesitated with his hand on the door knob. " I know I'm a bit unexpected, rather unconventional—but you will forgive me, won't you? "

She looked so lovely that Aubrey, who had had every intention of leaving the room immediately, paused. Her hair was extremely golden, her little red mouth extremely pretty, and her slanting eyes so full of pleading, that he felt like forgiving her at once—if, indeed, there was anything to forgive.

" What do you want, Charmaine? " he asked her, coming back into the room casually.

He was surprised, and a little annoyed, to find that he had used her name. He would not, he decided, let it slip out again. Not if he could help it.

She stared at him, still pleadingly.

" Aubrey breathed a sigh of relief and settled himself more comfortably in his chair "

" I want you to stay with me for a while," she answered. " I want to tell you my story. . . ."

Aubrey was not thrilled by this prospect. Being what is known as a " man of the world," he had heard quite a number of stories from quite a number of pretty women. However, he sat down on a chair near the bed, prepared to listen; because, looking at the woman who faced him, he realised that he had never before listened to the story of quite such an attractive creature. He couldn't help wanting to learn something about this young siren—as he called her to himself. Then, too, he was anxious to find out how, and why, she had found her way into his room.

" I'm listening," he told her, affecting a tone of indifference that could have deceived nobody but a born idiot.

" I'm afraid," began Charmaine, " that you must think I'm a naughty sort of a person." Having said as much, she smiled, showing a row of pearly teeth. " Do you think I'm very wicked? "

" Well, why, no . . . I mean, of course, I don't . . ." said Aubrey, who ever since he can remember has admired pearly teeth. " Why, I think . . ."

" I know exactly what you think," said Charmaine lightly. " I know exactly what a man like you, in your position, would think. That's always been the pity of it. I understand men too well. I've understood all the men I've ever met. All except one man."

Now no man likes to be understood too well—especially by a woman he cannot understand at all. Nor was Aubrey at all sure that he liked the tone in which she had said " a man like you." He had a feeling that he was being taken too much for granted. An unpleasant sensation. Particularly in the present instance.

" Then what," he asked firmly, " am I thinking? "

" You're thinking "—Charmaine watched him steadily with her slanting eyes, which at this moment he discovered were blue, and liquid, and deep—" you're thinking that I'm a thoroughly bad, but rather attractive young woman, who is out for just about all she can get. Aren't you? "

Her last words were nothing less than a challenge. And, since what she had told him was, almost word for word, precisely what he had been thinking—Aubrey couldn't, at once, find an answer. Not that he needed to. Charmaine took his answer for granted.

" In a way you're quite right to think like that about me," she admitted coolly. " Of course, you've made one little mistake. But, then, that's not your fault."

" A mistake? "

Charmaine nodded her extremely golden head.

" Yes," she repeated, " a mistake. You see"—she lowered her eyes, bringing into play her long lashes—" I *was* all that you think I am. But I'm not any longer. Now I'm different."

It was Aubrey's turn to smile. He did so, a trifle sceptically.

" What has changed you so suddenly," he inquired, " from a bad fairy into a good one? "

" My husband," said Charmaine.

That made Aubrey start. Somehow a husband was the last relation in the world he would have expected the lady in the bed to possess. Also it put an entirely different complexion on things. At any moment this husband might burst into the room. Anything might happen. And Aubrey knew just enough about jealous husbands (Charmaine's husband couldn't but be jealous of such loveliness) not to want to meet one.

" Is your husband likely," he inquired anxiously, " to come here? "

Charmaine laughed at his uneasiness. She shook her head.

" He won't disturb us," she said, " not to-night. You see, he's been dead some time."

At these words Aubrey breathed a sigh of relief, and settled himself more comfortably in his chair. A moment before he had felt that it might be necessary for him to leave the room at once, to avoid an unpleasant misunderstanding with a wrathful husband. Now he might remain—as long as he pleased, to judge by Charmaine's attitude. She was about to tell him the story of her life. And such a story, he imagined, would take some time in the telling. Such stories always did. But he was not in a hurry. He

no longer felt as tired as he had done when he had walked into that room. Charmaine, undoubtedly, had a stimulating effect upon him.

"Before John married me," suddenly began Charmaine, "I was an actress. I couldn't dance, or act, or sing very well. But I managed to get fairly good parts—in West End musical comedy. I made a certain success. Men thought that I was very lovely to look at. . . ."

"You are," said Aubrey.

"And so, of course, I wanted for nothing. Presents came my way easily. Too easily. I soon discovered that I could make men do almost anything I wanted them to: a word, the least little hint from me, was enough. They were only too happy to be in my service, to be *allowed* to do things for me. In fact, they spoiled me most terribly. You see, I wasn't really worth all that admiration. No woman is. . . ."

Here Aubrey was about to insert a polite protest, but Charmaine waved his interruption on one side, continuing:

"And the unfortunate thing about all my success was that I gloried in it. The more admirers I had, the more I wanted. I was never satisfied. I rejoiced each time a new slave appeared. Slaves, that's what most of them were. Nearly all of them were young and foolish boys with more money than they knew what to do with, and I deliberately led them on. You see, in those days I was young. I didn't care. . . ."

"You can't be very aged now," said Aubrey, who would have staked his life that Charmaine was not more than twenty.

"I'm older than you think, though," she answered. She closed her eyes for a few seconds, as if the story she was telling, pained her; then, remembering her listener, she went on: "Dear John. . . . Of course, he was much too good for me—as almost everybody was in those days. And just because he was so good, so much better than any of the others I was going about with, I laughed at him. I wanted to pull him down from his pedestal. In my ignorance I looked upon him as a silly, stuck-up little soldier boy—a man pretending to be good. I was so rotten myself, so used to going about in a rotten crowd, that I didn't believe in the goodness of anybody else. If I'd met a real live saint, I guess I'd only have laughed.

"All I could see was that John was different from the other men I'd known. I wouldn't admit that he was better than all the rest of them put together, though I think deep down inside me I knew it all the time. With him it was marriage or nothing. I'd have to belong to him, he said, or else. . . .

"'Or else what?' I asked him.

"'Or else I never want to see you again!'

"I can hear him saying it—see him. He was handsome, very tall and straight, like the soldiers in picture-books. Oh, he was a fine boy, all right, Captain John Richardson! But the first time he tried to make love to me I laughed in his face. After a time I stopped laughing. Not because I was ashamed of myself. I hadn't any shame. No, I stopped laughing because I had thought of a plan—a plan to teach that little soldier boy that he wasn't everybody. Not where I was concerned, anyway.

"'I'll marry you, John, dear,' I said."

Charmaine laughed—a cracked kind of laugh.

"You should have seen John's face when I said that! It was what he'd been trying to make me say for months past. He nearly went mad with joy. He believed me. I was quite touched—for a while.

"'Charmaine,' he cried, 'you've made me the happiest soldier in the Army! Charmaine, I love you so very much. We'll be married at once, and go right away from all the old associations. I'll make you so happy, Charmaine.'

"Of course I promised him that I wouldn't see any of my old friends again. That was all part of my plan—my plan to make him think he'd really got me, body and soul, all to himself. As I made that promise I was looking forward to the time when my big, trusting boy would wake up to find that, after all, it was only a dream. That his little Charmaine, whom he'd thought he could order about like one of his men at the barracks, wasn't quite such a fool. . . .

"Well, we were married. I didn't mind. Marriage meant little enough to me. And we hadn't been married long before the War broke out. That saved me from running away and leaving John. His regiment was one of the first to be called out. . . ."

At this point in Charmaine's story Aubrey felt very like interrupting again. Looking at her closely he was more than ever certain that Charmaine couldn't be more than twenty. Which would mean that she had been a mere child when War broke out. But he kept silent. After all, these beauty parlours one reads so much about. . . . Nevertheless, he made up his mind to mention the fact when she had finished.

"Left in London in War-time I soon forgot all John had begun to try to teach me," continued Charmaine, sadly. "I went wild again. I didn't care. And, anyway, I never expected to see John again. We exchanged letters at first; and then, suddenly, he stopped writing to me. I guessed, since I knew he was still alive, that he had given up writing to me because he'd heard what was going on—between me and the crazy bunch I was with. But as I said, I simply didn't care what he'd heard.

"During the whole of the War I never heard a word about John. I didn't know where he was. And I made no inquiries. He had passed out of my life as quickly as he had come into it—even though I had married him.

"The year following the Armistice a man I rather liked, whom I'd met during the War, asked me to go to the Riviera with him, just for a lark. We came to Cannes. We stayed together in this hotel—in this very room. It was in this room that it happened"—Charmaine shuddered—"in this room that he came back. . . ."

"Who?"

"My husband."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, he hadn't been killed. He'd managed, somehow, to come out of it all with only a slight wound. The thought of me, he said, had kept him alive. He meant that for a joke, but it didn't sound very like one. I was alone in this room, in this bed, when John walked in—just as you did a few minutes ago. At first I thought he looked much the same as he'd always looked. Then, as I looked into his eyes, I knew that he had changed. Changed towards me. I was afraid of what I saw in his eyes." Again

(*Continued on page 104*)

TO A MODERN MAID

WERE I to praise your clear blue eyes
And liken them to the pools of Devon,
Or say that in their depths there lies
A light that shines like stars in Heaven,
No doubt you'd laugh "I didn't know it,
But—well I'm hanged—the lad's a poet!"

Were I to say your golden hair,
So silken and so softly gleaming,
Is like some fairy cobweb rare
That sets a poet's heart a-dreaming,
You'd shake those self-same locks and mutter
"How utterly, completely utter!"

If I should give my Muse her head
And laud your lips so soft and smiling,
Declaring that until I'm dead
I'll worship their divine beguiling,
You'd merely mutter "Listen. 'This is
Not *the child to give cheap kisses.'"*

And if I praised your sylph-like form,
So graceful, firm and yet so supple,
You'd say, I'm sure, "Why all this storm?
My lad, you must have had a couple!
Upon my word you are *a funny boy.*
Stop spouting verse and switch on 'Sonny Boy.'"

But if I said your dancing shows
A great improvement and you shake a
Cocktail like the smartest pros.,
I have no doubt at all I'd make a
Hit with you, who thinks a sonnet's
Something old maids wear in bonnets!

So I will say the banal things
That you adore yet sound so stupid,
I'll clip my wretched Muse's wings
And never mention hearts or Cupid:
But though I'm barred all speech impassioned
I'll write it—I am so old-fashioned!

Janet Jevons

Yus, she do look a bit of orl right, she do. Cawn't arf mike yer larf an' all too—a real comic she is an' no mistike—In fact Hermione Baddeley, whose photograph appears above, has scored yet another success in a Cockney part, this time in "The Five O'Clock Girl," at the London Hippodrome, in which her accent is so infectious that it's affected our caption writer—not arf it aint!

PARIS GOSSIP

ART ACCIDENTS AND ANCESTORS

By JAY MARTIN *Sketches by SCHUS*

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to Paris for the funeral of Foch made a great impression on the French. I was present at the services in Notre Dame; and, moving towards the doors as the *cortège* went out, I heard a uniformed member of the Académie Française say, as the Prince passed us, "He is a wonderful little diplomat." I had a strange sort of emotion at seeing Paderewski leaving the Cathedral, marching closely after the Prince of Wales and Prince Charles of Belgium. The following day the papers stated that a "frisson" ran through the throngs watching the procession at the sight of the great Polish artist.

"It was all I could do to keep from jumping"

WHAT with spring days at the races, and the current Concours Hippique, there is a thoroughly Parisian and artistic tribute to the horse at an exhibition of paintings gathered from museums and private collections under the touching title of "Adieu au Cheval." The pictures are at the Briant Galleries in the Rue de Berri. Besides paintings from the older schools, there are drawings and canvases by the younger artists, giving a comprehensive exposition of horses and their relations to history, mythology and society from the romantic school of Delacroix and Gericault down to the wild blue horse of the contemporary Chagall. There are the elegant steppers of Constantin Guys, the mystic horses of Odilon Redon, and the strange white animals of Chirico with classic ruins for a background. Chirico is a young Greek who was brought up in Italy and immerged in an atmosphere of crumbling antiquity, to which he has added in his pictures the modern mystical attack. Also in the show is one of Daumier's water colours of Don Quixote with his gaunt horse, and lively modern concepts by Max Jacob, Raoul Dufy, Jean Cocteau and Picasso.

"Top-hatted racing officials raced to meet her"

I STEPPED in at the Horse Show at the Grand Palais and saw a great deal of the usual jumping. In fact, I am so sensitive to my surroundings that it was all I could do to keep from jumping over the spectators. However, I calmed down before the exhibition of *Equipages à maître*. Preceding the entrance of the *attelage a cheval et tandem*, a blue clad little *poilu* tore about the ring on a crude sort of chariot made of planks to smooth down the tan-bark. I muttered softly, "Come on, Ben Hur," not daring to cheer him aloud, as Ramon Novarro is in Paris, and the poor *poilu* might have been mobbed by all the girls who were sitting in the tribune.

GABY MORLAY, the lovable heroine of Henri Bernstein's "Mèlo," was in her car the other day, seated beside her chauffeur. A sudden blast, or perhaps it was a squeak, from a gendarme's whistle stopped them for an instant, but as they were conscious of no traffic infraction they went on. Another squeak from the whistle, and the car stopped once more. The *agent de police* came running after them, saying that the car had run over his foot. Sympathetically Gaby Morlay offered to take the *agent* to a doctor, but he coldly refused her invitation, offering her instead an invitation to appear *chez le commissaire de police*. The news flew around, and Gaby Morlay herself received a visit from an old friend, who last year had a similar

(Continued on page 90)

With PROFOUND APOLOGIES to the READER

BY WILL OWEN

TEACHER: "*Now, Abie, I want you to give me a sentence introducing the word statue*"
ABIE: "*Ven I gets home from school fader says 'statue Abie?'*"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 88)

experience with the same *agent* in the same traffic spot, and who had made the same complaint. I would suggest that a subscription be solicited to buy a new pair of shoes for the *agent*, as I can only deduce that his shoes must have been uncomfortable, and that the pain had gone to his head. But between you and me, perhaps he was so struck by Gaby's beauty that he said she ran over his foot just to strike up an acquaintance with her. Perhaps the *gendarme* is a writer in disguise who got a job as traffic policeman in order to arrest famous people, and collect material for future memoirs.

I AM reading "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by the Count Egon Cæsar Corti. It deals with the foundation of the family of financiers, and traces them down to the year eighteen-thirty. I have just reached the period when the first Rothschild's son goes to England and the invasion of the Rhine country by Napoleon. In the first Rothschild's dealings with the Landgrave of Hesse there is a striking similarity with Feuchtwanger's "Jew Suss." Last year down in Biarritz I was having breakfast with an American. I had no occasion to do so, as I already had had breakfast, but what is the added weight of some superfluous coffee and *croissants* next to the story I heard: we were discussing "Jew Suss." "This Spring," said George, "I was looking up my family tree, until I came to a man who was hanged on it. Then I stopped. When I came abroad this year I went to Frankfort, and found out that my hanged antecedent was the Oppenheimer of "Jew Suss." Until that time I had thought that this book was the story of the Rothschilds. André Pascal, the author of "Circe," which is now being played at the Renaissance, is really the Baron Henri de Rothschild. Besides a playwright, he is a physician, and has just given a magnificently equipped clinic in the Rue Maracdet to the public.

AT the Musée Carnavalet once the home of Madame de Sévigné, is an exhibition relating to the Parisian theatre of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are portraits of the actors and actresses of the time, costume designs, *maquettes* of stage settings, models, tiny marionettes, documents, which have been loaned by foreign and French museums and collectors of all nationalities, which could find no lovelier setting than this beautiful building set down in the heart of the old Marais. There are the two famous Watteaus from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin: "L'Amour au Théâtre Italien," and "L'Amour au Théâtre Français," the two Fragonards, portraits of the Duc de Beuvron and the Duc d'Harcourt, "en costume de comédie," which have been loaned by the Duchesse de Harcourt; the gorgeous pastel portrait of Mademoiselle Colombe, lent by Richard Owen; Lancret's delicious picture of Mademoiselle Camargo, from the Louvre; Houdon's bust of Molière, from Sir Joseph Duveen's collection, and Cafiieri's bust of "Buirette de Belloy, Poète et Auteur Dramatique," loaned by Lady Mendl; a marvellous group of drawings in pen and sanguine wash, sketches of harlequins and scenes of the Comédie Italienne, from the collection of the Princesse Murat.

Bournville Lane, which is the approach to the Cadbury Brothers' works at Bournville, is a mass of crocuses just now, and presents a wonderfully attractive picture. Decorative boxes of Cadbury's chocolates were presented to all the ladies who competed in the recent "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy at Wentworth, and were greatly appreciated

FROM the costumes on display at the Carnavalet, I saw, at Irande, a collection of various things that will be worn on the way to, and at, the party which the Ducca della Verdura is going to give at his place down in Palermo. There will be a costume ball that will be a reproduction of the party given by Lady Hamilton after the Battle of the Nile, for Lady Hamilton once lived in della Verdura's palazzo. I saw a lady of the *haute noblesse* trying on a costume, a lovely thing in itself, but if she thinks she looks like Lady Hamilton in it she should receive the prize for the best little optimist at the party. Irande has designed a clever thing called "The Country Dress." It is one design, made in three materials: tussore for the morning, white crêpe de Chine for the afternoon, and in any colour you like for the evening. It is very simple and sleeveless, the right arm passing twice through the arm-hole, and the dress coming around and crossing at the left. The cutest accessory to the dress, if you don't mind my growing intimate, is that shorts or panties, or whatever you prefer calling them, are made to accompany each dress. The three dresses then fold into a silken envelope, and you are all ready for a country visit.

AN amusing story about Queen Marie has reached these ears of mine. On the Queen's return to Paris from St. Malo, on her way to Madrid, Her Majesty decided to go to the races at Auteuil. The committee was not warned of her intentions, nevertheless her car rolled in by the entrance reserved for the President of the Republic. Top-hatted racing officials rushed to meet her, and as she approached the tribune, accompanied by the Princess Ileana, some one in the crowd asked who "those two good-looking women, the one in the chinchilla coat, and the older one, in mourning," could be. "I suppose," came the answer, "that is Miss Roumania." J. M.

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SPRING CLEANING at the BAR

By ROSEMARY

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

WHEREAS, with three hundred or more cases left over from last term, it is a good thing they got back to work at the Bar again yesterday. The divorce lists were considerably in arrears, not, O Victorian dears, so much because of the number of people wanting their Gordian knots cut for them, but because so many of the Judges had 'flu in the spring (tra-la), and apparently a lot went wrong with boats and things in the nautical line, so that those that hadn't gone down with 'flu had to go to Admiralty and see to that. So difficult for the mere outsider always, isn't it, to see exactly the connection between the Navy and the Divorce Courts?

SPECIALLY when, in point of fact, the recognised theory about absence and the heart, combined with its tendency to get fonder in every port, seems to result in sailors being remarkably successful, as a rule, in their marriages.

WHEREAS, and *in re* all this business outstanding, if they don't prepare to work overtime they won't get clear to begin their Long Vac at the end of July. And, of course, like ordinary people, Judges enjoy having their holidays with a clear conscience. I dare say that is where the line of resemblances must be drawn, for lawyers are not as we are. They are a folk apart; the only relations credited to them are the race of dons. Though even in this conjecture we are confronted by an opposing school of thought, some maintaining they are like nothing on earth. The connection is to be traced through the acid test—their jokes. By their jokes you shall know them. There are doctors' jokes, there are clergymen's jokes, there are the jokes of captains of industry. You can easily pick out a man's profession in an afternoon, not to mention an evening, once he has risen to the bait: Have you heard this one?

WHEREAS, and in pursuance of the foregoing, we maintain that there is a great likeness in the things that a don and a barrister will have heard the other day. They will be anecdotal, arid and probably Scottish. And, of course, in a language not understanded of the people. Like this bit of King's (Bench) English that I heard almost the last day of term: "Has your company gone scat?" said the Judge. "Well, a few days ago there was a voluntary winding up," said Counsel. "That is what I mean by going scat," said the Judge.

BUT the fun, of course, begins when it is at the expense of the wretched witness. He can be made to look such a perfect fool, not least when he has made a perfectly comprehensible remark and gets pounced on to explain. I feel it must have been a very particularly learned Judge who first said: "What are Brahms?" Because often they do ask things like that which really make you wonder if they only use their heads to keep their ears apart. Which, of course, will make anyone who has ever been near a barrister, not to say a solicitor, try out *the* classic on the uninitiated. You don't know it? Well, next time

"Back to work at the Bar"

anyone tells you your remarks are going into one ear and out of the other, ask him if there isn't anything to stop it. See?

INDEED, I dare say that isn't the first classic that originated at the Bar. I always suspect them of launching those terrible jokes that in time become standards and tests of humour. Like the salad story, to which even such an authority as Mr. Robert Graves in his book, "Mrs. Fisher," gave pride of place. Personally I am still waiting to wake up in the middle of the night to find I've died of laughing at it.

BUT talking of jokes, it seems rather a bad one that yet another Park Lane house should be passing out of the Stately Homes of England series. This is a sort of spring cleaning in London that we don't rejoice to see; clearing out the old places, just like we throw the old love-letters out of the desk, and making room for something on "strictly business lines." And besides Lansdowne House, there's the new Earl of Durham having to sell the contents of his Grosvenor Square house to pay off death duties. Nearly a million they came to, because by great bad luck his uncle and his father died within four months of each other. Suppose there could be cases where an heir would find himself actually in debt by his inheritance. He might have to become a rancher earl. Which wouldn't be half so romantic as the other way round, would it? Though *apropos* that, why a viscount, just because he has rounded up herds and broken in ponies should wear a cap so many times too big for him hasn't been anywhere explained.

APPARENTLY the rancher Earl and his son thought the sport offered by the grounds would be "toy-shooting." Well, they have come over at a good time to see another pastime of the English gentleman, the Point-to-Points. There's one at Hawthorn Hill to-day, for instance, though after Rodeos on the prairies it may seem a trifle tame. The trouble with this island, of course, is that it just hasn't got wide enough open spaces. All our genius has to go to fitting ourselves in; our talents are exhibited, you might say, in our sardine properties. Not least when it comes to the ballroom. The smaller the smarter is our motto here. And talking of dancing, there are still a few cheery places left to us, and if time hangs heavily you can always try Nunkey's Club, in Regent Street, where the combination of light floor and light cooking will remove the heaviest load of depression.

"You can always try Nunkey's Club"

Rosemary.

Miss Evelyn Laye

replies to this open letter

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Evelyn Laye

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HANNEN SWAFFER writes on Shakespeare, Sausages & Sauerkraut

I AM not only insular, but, being a journalist, peninsular. I have a mighty pride in my own country. I hate its being disturbed. I loathed going to Stockholm and seeing the majesty of the new Town Hall. I felt safer looking at Mrs. Stoll's bust when I walked deliberately past the Coliseum. I hated going into the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin and seeing, in Reinhardt's theatre, a foreign race admiring my country's greatest poet. I loathed every minute of the time.

I ENTERED his theatre feeling crushed under its solidness. I felt at home for a minute, though, when they charged me sixpence for taking care of my coat. This feeling was repeated, some time afterwards, when they charged me sixpence for a programme. It was nice to notice how, in one respect at least, Berlin was becoming Londonised. But, if you are hungry, they show you into a restaurant as inviting as the old Gambrinus, and there you can order what old meal you like and drink wine while you are waiting, or beer, and really feel that the theatre is a place that wants to welcome you.

IF you are intellectual you eat sausages, yes, and sauerkraut. They do not behave to you as though they are surprised that you came, as they do in London. The theatre would be full even if you didn't go. In fact, during eight nights in Berlin I did not see one empty seat in any theatre, or in any opera house, or in any night club.

"THANK God, there is one place left in the world that takes the theatre seriously," said Hooper Trask, an American play-broker to me, when I told him about the earnest-look-faces I had seen watching Berlin's play. They do not often laugh, and they seldom seem to smile. They sit staring solidly, a Hindenburg line of grimness, prepared even for the worst. They look, in fact, like I always feel.

NOW, there are three things we never refer to on the London stage. The Germans love them all. There is one word in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* that means two things. We use the polite meaning. The Germans deliberately take the gross one and turn it into three disgraceful obscenities worthy of "Ulysses"—James Joyce's, I mean, not the one by Stephen Phillips.

THEN we are careful about robing scenes—yes, even when Tallulah Bankhead is on the stage we draw an imaginary line. In another scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Reinhardt's pupil, who produced the modern-clothes version that I saw, deliberately introduces a series of gestures at which our insularities revolt. Each got one of the few laughs of the evening. They change the name of Ford to Fluth and Quickly to Hurtig, so that they can use Shakespeare's puns in German, but on every occasion that a double meaning can be introduced—well, there it is.

I WONDER what the Germans do with *Hamlet* to make it so popular. I never believed in the deep philosophy of Hamlet's speeches, nor, if the truth be told, does anybody else, because, if so, why are people still arguing as to whether Hamlet was mad or not? If Shakespeare's play were consistent it would not leave the matter in doubt. No, I believe that the German producers always put in dirty words. Now and then there was a laugh round about me, but it was usually when Falstaff left off a sentence suddenly.

"He has omitted something dirty at the end of a line," said the young German artist who took me. "No, I will not explain what it was."

She was a woman. The joke was clean enough for a German woman. It was too dirty for an English man.

I WONDER how many of these modern-clothes versions of Shakespeare we shall see. Barry Jackson started the idea—after he became "Sir Barry." He was knighted before he was benighted. His *Macbeth* was merely stupid. But the Germans, who copied his idea, used their brains.

IN *The Merry Wives* they wear modern clothes, it is true, but

The Basket scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as played in late nineteenth-century costumes in Berlin. Mistress Page, seen on the left, was played by Lucie Hoflich, Falstaff by Werner Krauss, and Mistress Ford by Leopoldine Konstantin

otherwise they play Shakespeare's comedy in the spirit of Elizabethan times. Besides, they do it with beautiful scenery—that is, some of it.

Falstaff is found with his bedraggled followers, not inside an inn, as we usually see him here, but in some sort of yard, a kind of cellar or area.

This gives the lighting expert a wondrous chance. You get grey shadows and black shadows and blue shadows and contrasts of bright light. The eye revels in varying degrees of darkness which would make Orpen chuck portraits and dash to his easel to set it down.

Now, while it is true that Werner Krauss, the Falstaff, is one of the greatest actors in Germany—indeed, they have paid him the great honour, in the salon upstairs in the Deutsches Theatre, of erecting a bust of him which stands besides actors and actresses of the mighty past—I am told that Germany has scores of players who could replace the people I saw in Shakespeare's play that night. Yet even the smallest part was played with an uncanny sense of character.

One of Falstaff's followers had a face that haunts me even now. He seemed to have stepped out of an old drawing by Sidney Sime. The Germans seem to choose actors for plays like the Russians do for films.

Now, although he wears a high-domed bowler hat, and clothes that might be worn at one of Solly Joel's lunches at Maiden Erlegh on Ascot Sunday, Werner Krauss's Falstaff stands out as a real Elizabethan man. He does not belong to Bond Street or the Green Room Club. This Falstaff would have been blackballed at the Garrick. He would have had too much sense of stumer.

You all remember Lady Tree and Ellen Terry and Madge Kendal as the Merry Wives. No, I do not suppose you do. It is the fashion, nowadays, to remember nothing before the Dolly Sisters and nothing older than the Singing Duck.

Well, the three wives of the Deutsches Theatre were as ebulliently merry as those three. The Mistress Page, in looks, was strangely like Queen Mary, especially about the eyes. She was a former wife of Reinhardt's, I was told. The Mistress Ford reminded me of a black-haired Ella Retford. The Dame Quickly was as broad-humoured as Marie Lloyd. "She would have made a great Shakespearean actress," said Henry Arthur Jones to me, as he looked out of his garden at Marie Lloyd's funeral *cortège* going by. I did not understand him then. When I saw the Deutsches Theatre company I knew just what he meant. . . .

Those statues and paintings of once-great actors upstairs disturbed me. I prefer Violet Melnotte's coloured photograph over the doorway of the Duke of York's; the bust of George Grossmith in the bar at the Strand, and all the pictures of Arthur Bourchier in the corridor downstairs; the painting of A. E. Abrahams's daughter in the Aldwych foyer; and my knowledge that the record of the Kaiser's visit to our all-star *Money* once displayed at Drury Lane is now boarded over by a memorial to the heroes of the War he caused. I am used to all these.

Fresh reminders of how we used to think what greatness there was in the art of acting are annoying things. Why, nowadays I do not even notice the statue of Edmund Kean when I go into the National Theatre to see an American musical comedy. Nor do I bow when I pass the putty-looking head of Irving in the doorway of the Lyceum. I know the Melvilles are making a good thing out of melodrama, and that contents me. Besides, let me tell you that Berlin has no play as gripping as *Journey's End*, no mixture of satire and sentiment as fascinating as *Many Waters*, no episode so inspiring as *The Lady with a Lamp*. It is nice to go abroad and find that even in the last capital to take the drama seriously there are things that we can do better at home. . . . H. S.

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ARTS AND CRAFTS

THERE is much to laugh at in the English theatre. But, unfortunately, there is more inducement to laugh at it, than in it. Its productions are, as a rule, purely, or impurely, commercial, commercial to the point of blatancy, yet as an industry, it is a financial failure, and as an expression of art it is a hideous joke.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, by the nature of his calling, is not a poet. It is demanded of him that he should be a harsh materialist. Hence, viewing the English theatre with a cold eye, he realises the futility of anticipating profits, which are rightly non-existent, and, faced with the difficult problem of getting something out of nothing, with Machiavellian subtlety he taxes the turnover on which the losses are made. The theatre is, therefore, directly taxed to the extent of approximately 15 per cent. on every penny paid by those extravagant enough to contribute towards its support.

It is possible that this taxation is a chastisement—a virtuous fine upon the exhibition of viscous banality. As such the penalty is a modest one.

With a few exceptions, all too rare—Maugham, a fine constructor; Hoffe, an expert sentimentalist; Galsworthy, a sedate dialectician; Barrie, a sugary revivalist; Shaw, an erudite pantaloon, and perhaps one or two others, who may be classed as men of letters, where are the dramatic writers?

What is the condition of the London stage to-day? Crook plays, American and English, are dead as mutton. Hip pocket pistols, grease-paint blood, the throttled throats of virtuous victims, merely inspire ribald laughter from bored and satiric onlookers. These silly semblances of illusion have lost effect, and only the financial ruins remain of this collapse of crudity.

Literally, hundreds of plays have been produced in the West End during the last few years. In the course of some weeks first nights recur every night, and often even three a night. The majority of these plays are an insult to the intelligence, and are probably composed phonetically, since their creators have evidently not yet learned to read.

If these dramatic excrescences paid, there might be some material justification for their existence. But ninety per cent. fail. Why, then, do they ever see the light of night? Because the low intelligence controlling the present theatre panders only to the lowest tastes, and ignorantly seeking to provide the public with what it wants, finds the Public doesn't want it.

* * * *

Play-writing is an art. It is not the game for unsophisticated fools. To the writing of a play should come considerable study and learning, craft, subtlety, technique, sensitive characterisation and perfectly balanced lines. In fact, it requires almost as comprehensive a knowledge as the making of a suit of clothes. And, incidentally, if the London theatre would strive to attain Pope and Bradley's standard of production it might please Downing Street instead of overworking Carey Street. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s.

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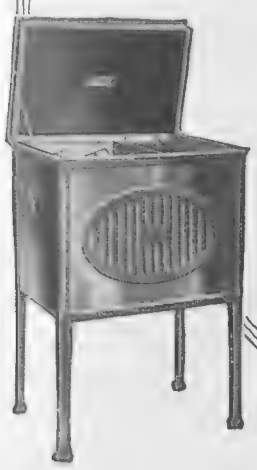

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MOTOR NOTES

ARE TAXI-DRIVERS BLIND . . . ?

By E. M. WRIGHT

To test or not to test the fitness of a motorist to drive a car is a stock topic of discussion. I shall not attempt to deal generally with such a large and thorny question here, but I am rather surprised that in all that has been said on the subject so little reference has been made to the London taxi-driver. For recent experience of the ways of these gentry only confirms a suspicion I have long held that a goodly number of them are badly in need of spectacles, and that some, indeed, are almost qualified for admission to St. Dunstan's. Travelling a short while ago in one of their monstrous relics of a barbarous age, I was nearly killed outright as the result of the driver's royal disregard of the rules and courtesies of the road.

***

On many occasions, too, when driving my own car through London streets my heart has been in my mouth as one of these wall-eyed sons of Jehu has darted out without any sort of warning from a side street plump into a stream of cars. Try hailing a taxi from the kerbside if you doubt my word, and it is ten to one you will light upon one of the thousands that are not only blind, but stone-deaf as well. There are, however, various forms of blindness, and where it is a question of the obvious rights of others the taxi-man is blind indeed.

Miss Kitty Brunell beside her Monte Carlo Talbot, with which she competed in the J.C.C. Night Trial on March 2, gaining a first-class award (Silver Medal), and the J.C.C. Half Day Trial a fortnight latter, winning the premier award. The car was supplied by Warwick Wright, Ltd., sole London distributors for Talbot cars

His eyes are sharp enough, it is true, to spot a small gap in a queue of vehicles waiting for the traffic to change at some street-crossing, but he is utterly blind to the long line of vehicles behind him which have a prior right as he wedges his car into the gap, and by mere shoving secures a place well up in the line. "Blind" he is not in the coarsest sense of the word—that much I will grant him. But I hasten to qualify this grudging meed of praise by pointing out that drunkenness at the wheel could have but one disastrous consequence—a heavy fine and instant dismissal.

***

But if it would seem to be necessary to examine the eyesight of our taxi-drivers how much greater need is there for some test of eyesight of those police officers who are responsible for the presence of such an eyesore as the taxicab on the streets of London? For an eyesore it is. Stunted and deformed at birth by the seventy-three regulations which govern its every line and measurement, it remains a hideous monument to the genius for meddling restriction which possessed the powers that were some twenty years ago. They, poor fellows, have most of them gone to their rest, but, as Mark Antony very aptly remarked, "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." At the root of the trouble, of course, is the rule which makes it obligatory for a taxi to be able to turn

(Continued on page 102)

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A.J.W.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 100)

in a smaller radius than even an Austin Seven can comfortably manage. No one need seriously quarrel with the quaint provision which forbids the use of "hay, straw, seaweed, or whalebone shavings" for stuffing the seat cushions.

***

And so it is that on a ridiculously short wheelbase the uphappy body builder, who has his own special regulations to contend with, has to erect a crazy contraption which will be capable of carrying four persons, besides the driver, and enough luggage to last a society queen on a six months' holiday. I marvel at their ingenuity, but I marvel even more that the artists in our midst do not rise in their wrath and slay every taxi in sight as an insult even to the most advanced cubist art.

***

When the Hillman Company had ready its first batch of the new Straight Eights for delivery it thought of an excellent way of demonstrating them to the Press by inviting us all down to inspect the cars and accompany them to their various destinations. This new Hillman, it will be remembered, was introduced at Olympia, and immediately attracted attention on account of its being the cheapest straight eight of any nationality on the British market, and exactly the type of car which is wanted in our overseas markets. This much must have been obvious when it was first designed. Nevertheless, it was not put into production until the first one had been subjected to a road test of no less than 50,000 miles.

A 1929 Cadillac chassis enclosed-drive saloon with a landaulette de luxe body by Vanden Plas, of Brussels. It was built for Capt. W. F. Hartman, Managing Director of Messrs. Lendrum and Hartman, Ltd.

As a matter of fact, this first model was produced nearly a year before the car was exhibited at Olympia, and its extraordinary test, which took place in England and on the Continent, was more than sufficient to search out any weaknesses in the design. Thus the car was quite ready to be sold, and it is now in full production. The new Hillman must inevitably be in big demand overseas. The horse-power taxation system has tended to restrict the engine size of low- and medium-priced cars in this country, and the result has been that the powerful car, so popular overseas, could only be supplied at a medium figure by our foreign competitors. The price and the engine capacity of the new Hillman render it a keen competitor with the foreigner. At the same time the car is by no means "too big" for the home buyer. It is just over 2½ litres in capacity (2,620 c.c.), and has an annual tax of only £20.

***

The Ferodo people send me some particulars of the clutch and brakes on the "Golden Arrow," on which Segrave attained the world's record speed of 231.36 m.p.h. at Daytona. The clutch is of the conventional multi-disc type employing eight pairs of driving and driven elements, which are held in contact by eighteen springs, giving a total pressure of 3,600 lb.—*i.e.*, over one and a half tons. This is equivalent to a pressure of 63 lb. per square inch. When reduced by the leverage of the withdrawal mechanism it still requires 1,200 lb. pressure at the ball race to release it, so a Dewandre vacuum servo mechanism is used. E. M. W.

—and now comes the

WORLD'S SPEED RECORD

for single engined motor boats

ON WATER

"MISS ENGLAND"

The hull was designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine (in conjunction with Mr. F. Cooper) and was built by The British Power Boat Company, of Hythe, Southampton.

The engine is a racing type Napier "Lion" and was installed under the direction of Captain J. S. Irving.

FOLLOWING Major Segrave's Land Speed Record of 231.36 m.p.h. on the "Golden Arrow" using Wakefield CASTROL, comes the victory of "Miss England" in the races for

The World's Motor Boat Speed Championship

at Miami, with a score of 761 points to the 400 gained by "Miss America."

In the first race "Miss England" attained 87.2 m.p.h. —the highest speed ever reached by a single-engined boat.

As at Daytona, Major Segrave ensured the best possible performance from his Napier Lion engine by using

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GAS BY ELECTRICITY

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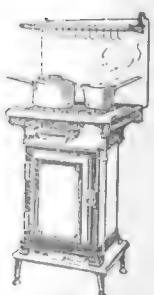
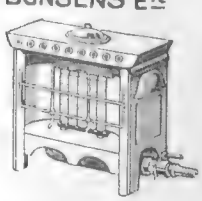


FOR COOKING WATER HEATERS IRONS STOVES BUNSENS Etc



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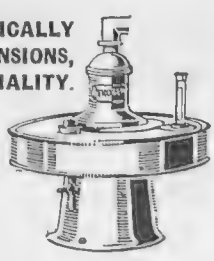

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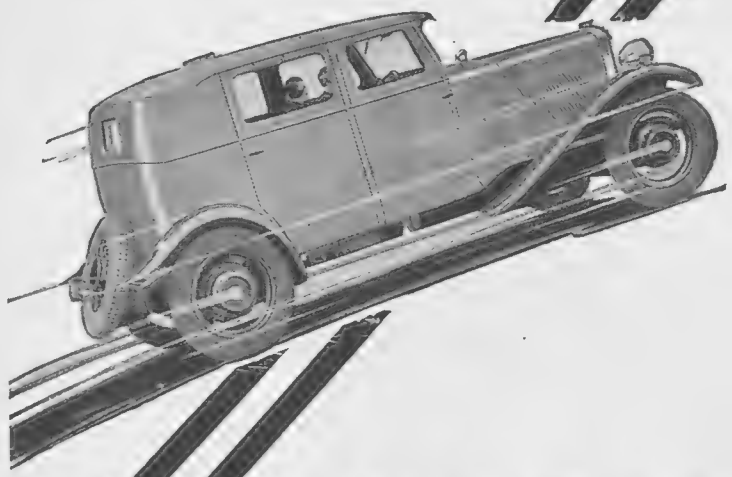

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THE 14/70

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B 10.

THE INCONVENIENT BEDROOM (*continued from page* 86)

Charmaine shuddered, adding: "There wasn't one tiny spark of forgiveness in those eyes.

"He stood at the foot of this bed. And he was calm. Too calm. He told me, in that tireless voice of his, of what I'd done to his love for me while he'd been away. God knows how he had found it all out. But he had—every wretched detail of it.

"He said: 'You've killed my love, Charmaine—sinned against it. And you'll be sorry.'

"'Indeed?' I said, to give myself courage, 'and why should I be sorry?'

"'You'll be sorry,' he said, 'because when you die you won't go to heaven. . . .'

"At that I burst out laughing. I couldn't help it. But John was terribly serious.

"'Instead of going to heaven,' he said, 'you'll go to the other place.'

"'And what'll I do there?'

"'You'll go on making men love you,' he cried; 'you'll go on and on, for ever and ever . . . receiving men's kisses. It will be ghastly for you. But you will have to go on just the same. Yours is the kind of face men know they may kiss. And so they will. Until a man comes along who doesn't kiss you—you will have to go on suffering.'

"He spoke like an actor in a play," said Charmaine. "I thought that he had had too much to drink. Yet all the time I knew that he was as sober as a man can be. . . ."

After she had finished her strange story there was a silence which no clock disturbed. Then Charmaine wept. Her head fell back on the pillow, and her slim body was shaken by sobs.

Aubrey was all concern. He rose from his chair and sat on the end of the bed.

"Charmaine!" he called softly; "don't cry, Charmaine."

All at once he felt very sorry for her. His arm went round her shoulders. He raised her body gently. She turned up her face to his; looked at him pleadingly out of her large, tearful eyes. To Aubrey her lips appeared very red—perfectly formed. He kissed them. . . . But when he had done that she wept again, more copiously than before.

Thinking that perhaps it was best to leave her to herself for a while Aubrey then went into the bathroom adjoining. He was only there a very short time—long enough to drink a glass of water. But when he returned to the bedroom he was surprised to find that Charmaine had left it. He stood in the middle of the room, staring in amazement at the empty bed. A clock outside, striking the hour of four, brought him back to earth. And he dashed out of the room.

Charmaine was not to be seen in the long, dimly-lit corridor. Anxiously Aubrey ran down the wide staircase leading into the hall. He went up to the reception desk, where the man he had spoken to earlier was doing his best to get a little sleep.

"Have you seen a young woman about anywhere?" Aubrey asked the man excitedly.

The man blinked his eyes.

"What kind of a young woman?"

"A very lovely young woman."

"Golden-haired with blue eyes?" asked the man at the desk—quite incuriously.

"That's right. Did she pass this way then?"

"Did you kiss her?" asked the man.

Aubrey was astounded at such impertinence.

"Really," he exclaimed, "what's that to you?"

"Then you did," said the man yawning. "Well, they all do."

"They all do? What, my good man, are you talking about?"

"Charmaine, sir. I can see she hasn't let you sleep—tired though you said you were. I'm sorry, sir. But I'll make no charge for the room. It's inconvenient for anybody who wants a night's rest. But you must remember, sir, I warned you." The man then muttered, half to himself: "It's a pity, though, that you kissed her. Poor little Charmaine. . . . An inconvenient bedroom. . . . But such a pretty little lady. . . ."

"Inconvenience be damned!" cried Aubrey, who doesn't, as a rule, swear even mildly. "What I want to know is, where is Charmaine?"

"Eight years ago, at about four o'clock in the morning, her husband killed her," said the man at the desk.

Whenever Aubrey remembers those words: "Until a man comes along who doesn't kiss you, you will have to go on suffering"—he feels heartily ashamed of himself.

I said to Aubrey: "Any man would have done what you did."

And Aubrey replied: "I know. That makes it worse."

S. S.

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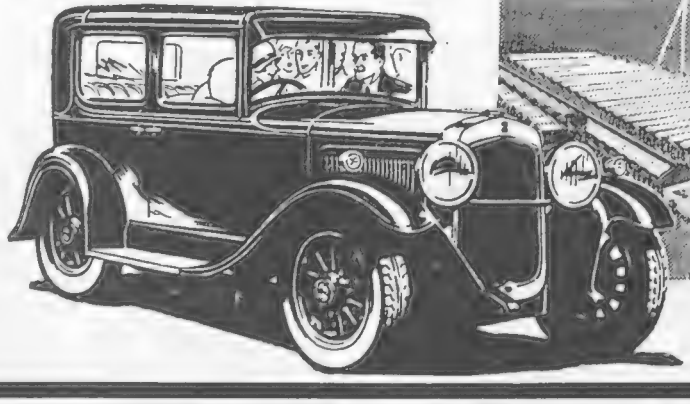

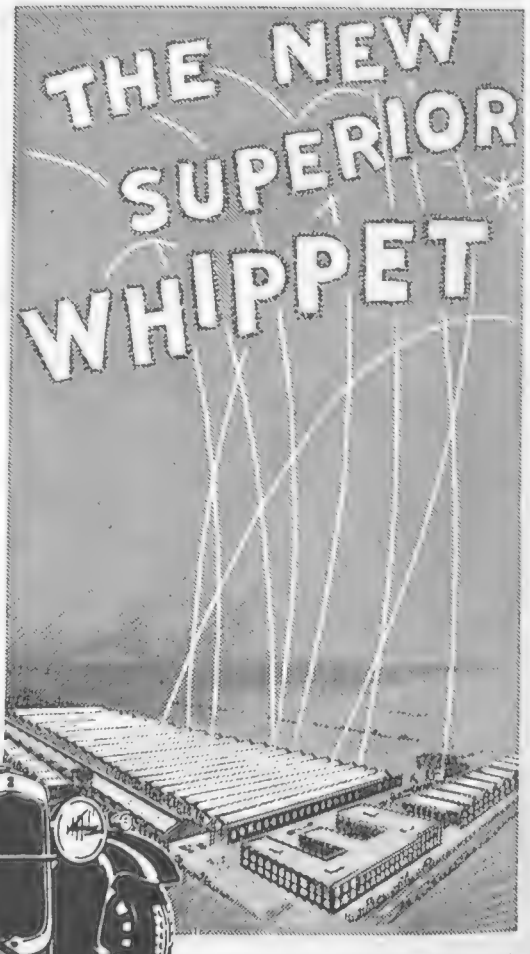

Air view of 22 factory at Heaton Chapel, Stockport.

C.D.C.

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FLYING NOTES

THE START OF THE SEASON

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Air Racing Season Opens

THE Easter Meeting of the Cinque Ports Club marked the opening of a season which has more fixtures arranged than ever before. More than fifty machines took part in the racing and various displays. In the private owners' handicap, Mr. Runciman was first on a Cirrus Moth, Lady Bailey second on a Gipsy Moth, with Mr. Hackaman third on a Gipsy Moth Coupé. There was a dead-heat between Miss Spooner and Flying Officer Atcherley in the special event for Gipsy Moths, which the lady won in the final at over 90 miles an hour. In addition to racing by every type of British light 'plane, a big crowd watched exhibition flying by Flying Officer Atcherley on a Genet Moth and Mr. Lowdell on a Blackburn Lincock. A dash of colour was provided by foreign machines, there being three Pander light 'planes from Holland, a baby Klemm Daimler, which had flown 600 miles from Germany in under six hours, a light 'plane from Czecho-Slovakia, and Mr. Irving's Ryan monoplane.

Mr. R. S Adair (left), of Aircrafts Proprietary, Ltd., the pilot of the Avian seen in the background. With him is the official of the General Motors Acceptance Corps who accompanied him on his 1,500 miles tour of Queensland, Australia

Home Notes

THE Marquis de Casa Maury, who is a famous driver of racing cars, has taken up flying at Stag Lane. Lord Ossulston has been getting around the country on his Moth W.I., which he uses almost entirely for business purposes. Major E. Cadbury, D.S.C., D.F.C., has started flying again with the Bristol and Wessex, after more than ten years' absence from aviation. This business of taking up as a hobby something which one has practised as a profession must be rather amusing for pilots who took their tickets before or during the War after a few flights with an instructor or some kind of box-kite. Mr. Maurice Braddell, the film actor, and Mr. Kabali, an Indian student of commercial aviation, have obtained their "A" licence at Lympne. The Rev. F. A. Simpson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Sqdr.-Ldr. Soden are on the latest list of Gipsy Moth owners. A very satisfactory and regular application for membership is reported by nearly all the clubs, due partly to fine weather, but principally to disgust on the part of car owners who have found themselves unable to compete with the ever-increasing traffic on the roads.

Master Pilots

THERE must be many taxi pilots, instructors, and pilots of Imperial Airways who have the necessary qualifications to obtain the highest commercial flying certificate yet issued. The Air Ministry have circulated full particulars to all and sundry. Who will be the first Master Pilot of the Air? It is interesting to note that there are only three first-class air navigators in this country, Capt. F. Tymms, M.C., of the Air Ministry; Sqdr.-Ldr. E. L. Johnston, O.B.E., A.F.C., who is the airship navigating officer at Cardington, and Flying Officer F. M. Downer, who accompanied Capt. Courtney on his attempt to cross the Atlantic in 1927.

L.N.A.

Sir Vyell Vyvyan, holding attaché case, Capt. A. S. Wilcockson, Major Bullock and Sir Samuel Hoare, Minister for Air, photographed at Croydon Aerodrome. Sir Samuel was among the passengers on the big Argosy air liner which left recently on the first journey of the 5,000-mile aeroplane service between England and India

Up Manchester Way

SOME years ago Manchester was well served by an air line from London, operated by Daimler Hire, but the machines were withdrawn from service owing to poor traffic receipts. One would have thought that having A. V. Roe and Co., a firm with an international reputation, as a sort of local product, there would be tremendous interest in flying. The city which built the Ship Canal cannot be said to lack foresight, and yet aviation has received in the past very little support from a centre which has so much to gain from rapid transport. Having built houses on its aerodrome, the Corporation has been compelled to buy another one, from which Northern Airways, Ltd., will operate a taxi service to commence in the early summer. Mr. John Leeming, who has done so much to make a success of the Lancashire Aero Club, is the moving spirit in this new enterprise. Flying operations and all technical work will be managed by Mr. Fred Holmes, the well-known "joy-riding" pilot, who has probably been responsible for getting more people into the air in this country than anyone except Sir Alan Cobham. Manchester, Liverpool, and Blackpool are competing to make the finest aerodrome in Lancashire.

BY BEAUCHAMP

"Fond of dolls?"

"Oh! I've played lead in 'The Pink Nightie' for three years and it gives me a dreadful shock if I wake up and find the house empty"

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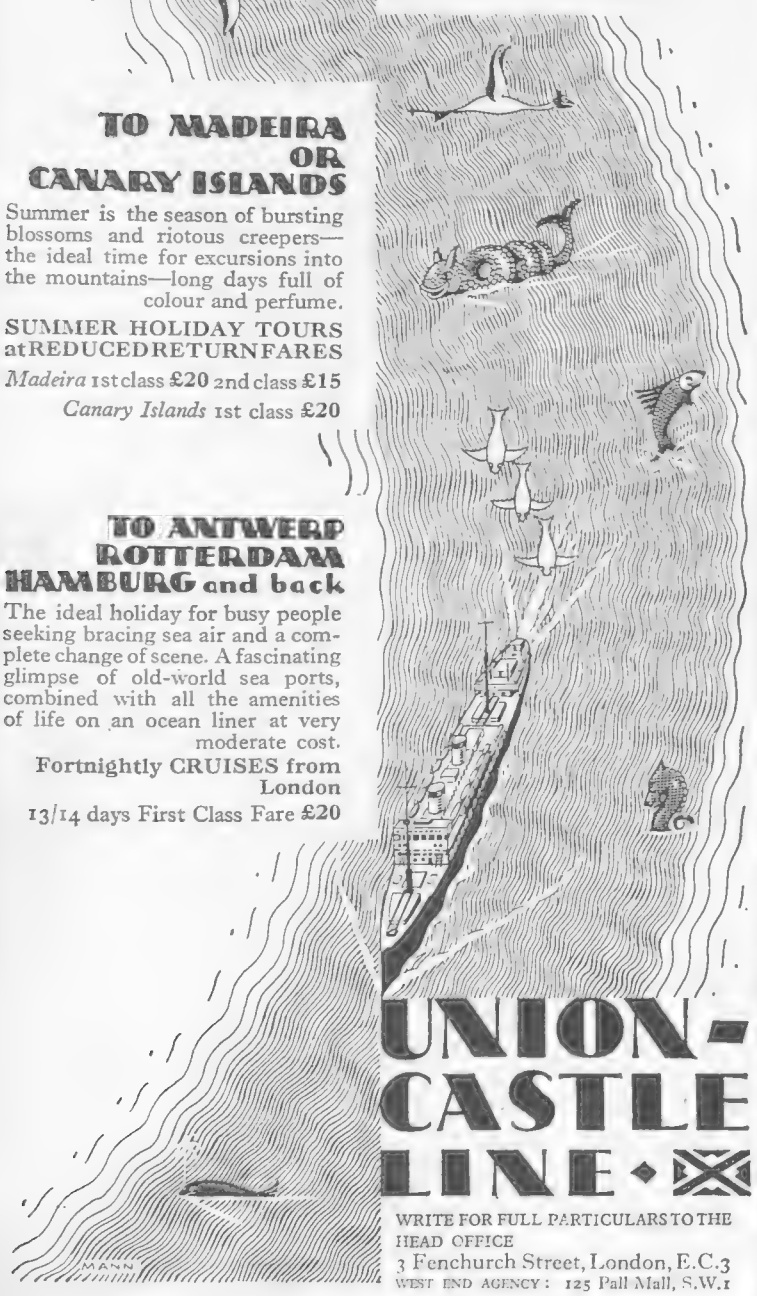

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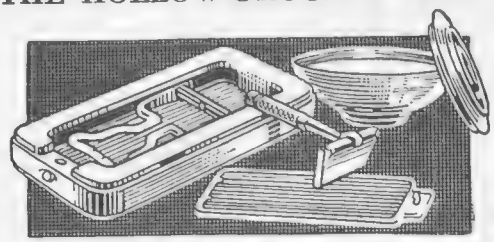

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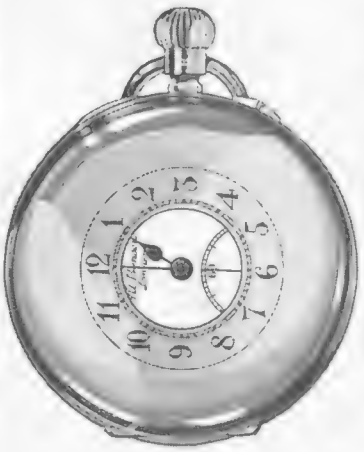

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ISADORA and SOME OTHERS

By RALPH STRAUS

ONCE again we are invited to look upon the rather baffling personality who was Isadora Duncan. As is very generally known, the last years of her life spelt out little except tragedy, and not the least part of that tragedy was the fact that she did not live to complete her strange and wondrous and most moving autobiography. There, indeed, you have a very great book, perhaps the only great book of its particular kind—dancers do not shine very often off the stage—and I care not a threepenny piece if some timid souls find it not quite "nice" enough for their taste. She wrote it, or, as we learn now, dictated it, except for a few passages which were too poignant to be given to the stenographer, for money, and she was unable to complete it because, suddenly and melodramatically, she was choked by her scarf in a car.

A camera study of Isadora Duncan and some of her pupils. It is taken from "Isadora Duncan. Twenty-four studies by Arnold Genthe" (Mitchell Kennerley)

❋

OBVIOUSLY however, her story had to be completed. A year ago young Sewell Stokes published a short account of her last days, which, I dare say, was fairly accurate as far as it went. A sordid picture. I remember being distressed by its pitiless exposure of a wholly wretched life. A fat, drunken harridan stalked through its pages, and perhaps it was the woman whom Stokes himself knew, but it was not the woman who had written *My Life*.

❋

A VERY different, more authentic, more gracious account of those last six years has now been written by Irma Duncan, the dancer's one pupil of distinction, and Allan Ross Macdougall. *Isadora Duncan's Russian Days and her Last Years in France* (Gollancz: 15*s*.) is not a great book, but it is about as good a sequel to *My Life* as could have been hoped for. It certainly makes most interesting reading; it explains quite clearly why Isadora amazed all the world (and probably herself) by marrying a young Russian poet—she, who had always held up marriage to scorn—and it shows how, for all the degradation of those last painful days, when there was no money and sometimes no food, she never altogether lost sight of her one great dream—the proper teaching of children to understand the joy of life.

❋

HER autobiography stopped short just before she offered her services to Soviet Russia. In the new book we find her almost as disappointed at Bolshevik inability to understand and appreciate her aims as she had been angered in the past by *bourgeois* stupidity. True, she was able to open her school in Moscow, and enjoyed more than one personal triumph, but the Russian story is on a par with those which had preceded it: disappointment, money troubles, disillusion.

❋

HER husband turned out to be a drunken maniac, and she seems to have married him for no other reason than that America, to which country she proposed to take him, would look askance at an unmarried couple. As it was, Russia put the finishing touch to her ruin. The "capitalistic" world was suspicious, the Press shrieked at her, nobody had money to give her.

❋

WHAT a life, and what a story it makes! The authors have done their work very well. There is much of the real Isadora in their pages, and they do not make the mistake of hiding things which the dancer herself would have insisted on telling. It is a queer, sad book, which should be read by all those who appreciated the autobiography.

❋

WHILE on the subject of Isadora Duncan, I must not omit to refer to the very artistic production entitled *Isadora Duncan* (Mitchell Kennerley: 16*s*.), containing twenty-four beautiful photographic studies made in New York by Arnold Genthe during her visits to America, 1915-1918, when her art had reached its full maturity and highest development. Any admirer of Isadora Duncan and her work will find these studio pictures a priceless souvenir of the great dancer.

❋

I PASS on to three first novels written by women. Two of the authors, Sarah Salt and Odette Tchernine, have already written short stories, and of Miss Salt's work I have spoken in the past very highly indeed. Daisy Fellowes (Mrs. Reginald Fellowes) has not, I fancy, written before.

❋

WELL, to be candid, I am not wildly enthusiastic about any of the three, though for very different reasons. In *Sense and Sensuality* (Gollancz: 7*s*. 6*d*.) Miss Salt is brilliantly clever. I say that without reservation. She has "got" her people with an almost uncanny precision. The trouble is that almost without exception they are the nervy, dissatisfied, highly-strung creatures who seem incapable of obtaining any joy out of life at all. They drink by day and they dance by night, and when they have nothing better to do they fall in and out of love in a bored kind of way. They appear to think that the free use of smoking-room language is the only method whereby they can demonstrate their escape from Victorian conventions.

❋

IT may be that this is unfair criticism, or even no criticism at all, for an author must assuredly be allowed to choose the people about whom he will write. Everybody knows that these wretched neurotics exist, but are they *necessarily* interesting? Personally, I have met so many of them lately in novels that they are beginning to bore me stiff, and I believe that I am not alone.

❋

AND what is Miss Salt's novel about? A woman with consumption believes that her husband has taken a mistress. She gives herself to a man with whom she is not in love—out of revenge. Unfortunately for everybody, she dies in this man's house. I know that these things happen—but what a depressing business! And what a pity that a writer of such brilliance should think it worth while to narrow her attention in this way! She has the whole world to choose from, and must needs pick out the tiniest and least important clique, a clique, moreover, which is not even particularly picturesque.

❋

MISS TCHERNINE'S story, *Wild Morning* (Mathews and Marot: 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a rather amusing business. The London careers of the two sisters Eden, who teach dancing and live in a mews and are deliciously rude, are sketched out in the sprightliest way. And I like their aunt. The elder sister's romance with a man whose wife refuses to divorce him is sympathetically told, and Barbara's "affair" with Robert is

delightfully done. Moreover, there are some jolly portraits

❋

THE final scene is a little too melodramatic, and there are some odd mistakes in the writing, but I can recommend the novel, more particularly as I fancy that it will be followed by others no less lively and perhaps of greater distinction.

❋

AS for the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes's *Cats in the Isle of Man* (Heinemann: 6s.), I find it difficult to know what to say. The writing is good and there are excellent descriptions of people and things, but it is about the most inconsequential thing I have ever read in my life.

❋

PRESUMABLY we are to take it for the story of Claudia, who was brought up in France and married a count, and was in love with Felix She decided to run away with her lover, but at the last moment he refused to do so. Quite a nice little story in its way, but Mrs. Fellowes is constantly forgetting to tell it. Somebody or something crops up, and we are whirled away from Claudia altogether. Well, a genius can do that kind of thing with success, but Mrs. Fellowes cannot hope to succeed without some reasonable kind of technique. Perhaps she will find one in time for her next book. R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Mr. Prioleau, the creator of *Imshi,* whose weekly contribution to the *Observer* under the title of "Car and Country" is well known, has given a series of reflections on nearly every part of England and Wales in *Car and Country* published by Dent. He is equally at home among the passes over the dark Welsh hills, the by-ways in the Clevelands, or the moors and heaths of Outer London, and gives practical advice on how to get to these places. He tells of the emptiest highways and beautiful lanes as well as the latest arterial tracks.

The Rich Young Man, by G. M. Attenborough, is a love story . . but interwoven with the narrative are impressions of pilgrimages to famed places of literary association in France. This ought to make the book interesting. Published by Cassells.

Mr. Ernest Raymond's new novel entitled *A Family That Was,* tells the story of the youngest and most talented child of a large family . . of how he fended for himself at an age when most boys are at school . . . of what he hoped for out of life and of what life brought him. Published by Cassells on April 11th.

The Things That Cannot be Named is the intriguing title of an adventure story for boys written by Miss Margaret Peterson. It tells of an expedition to the heart of Africa. Benns, April 12th.

The Lawless Frontier sounds like a story of love and adventure . . . and this is what we are promised in this new novel by Miss Mary Gaunt. Published by Benns on April 12th.

We will look forward early in April to reading *A Portrait of Foch,* by Commandant Bugnet, who was his aide-de-camp. Although starting with the post-war period, the conversation, the publisher tells us, constantly recurs to the War itself, and deals with many of the questions and problems with which Foch had to deal from 1914 to 1918. The book thus promises to be a War document of considerable interest apart from its biographical value. Victor Gollancz is the publisher.

In *The Story of San Michele,* to be published shortly by Murrays, Dr. Axel Munthe tells the story of his island home, San Michele, and of his life there. San Michele is built on the site of a villa of Tiberius, and is well known to all visitors to Capri as the most beautiful place on the island. He describes his life on this enchanting island before the invasion of the place by tourists, his experiences among the poor of Naples, and his expeditions by land and sea in search of antiquaries.

SOME LATEST BOOKS RECEIVED

THE UGLY DUCHESS. By Feuchtwanger. (Secker: 3s. 6d.)

MIXED BAGS. By S. C. Westerham. (Christophers: 7s. 6d.)

WHITE MAN'S SAGA. By E. Linklater. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN. By Lt.-Col. Charles James. (Fowler Wright: 7s. 6d.)

THE TEARDROP. By Marieda Batten. (Fowler Wright: 5s.)

BY CONSENT. By Mrs. H. Dudeney. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

THE SILENT MURDERS. By Neil Gordon. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)

NILE GOLD. By John Knittel. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)

A SAGA OF THE SEA. By F. Britten Austin. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

THE PATH OF GLORY. By E. George Blake. (Constable: 6s.)

COUSIN MATHEW. By Watson Dyke. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)

STARVED FIELDS. By E. Inglis Jones. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)

DESTINIES. By François Mauriac. (Secker: 7s. 6d.)

YVETTE IN U.S.A. By Major Sir Nevile Wilkinson. (Nisbet: 7s. 6d.)

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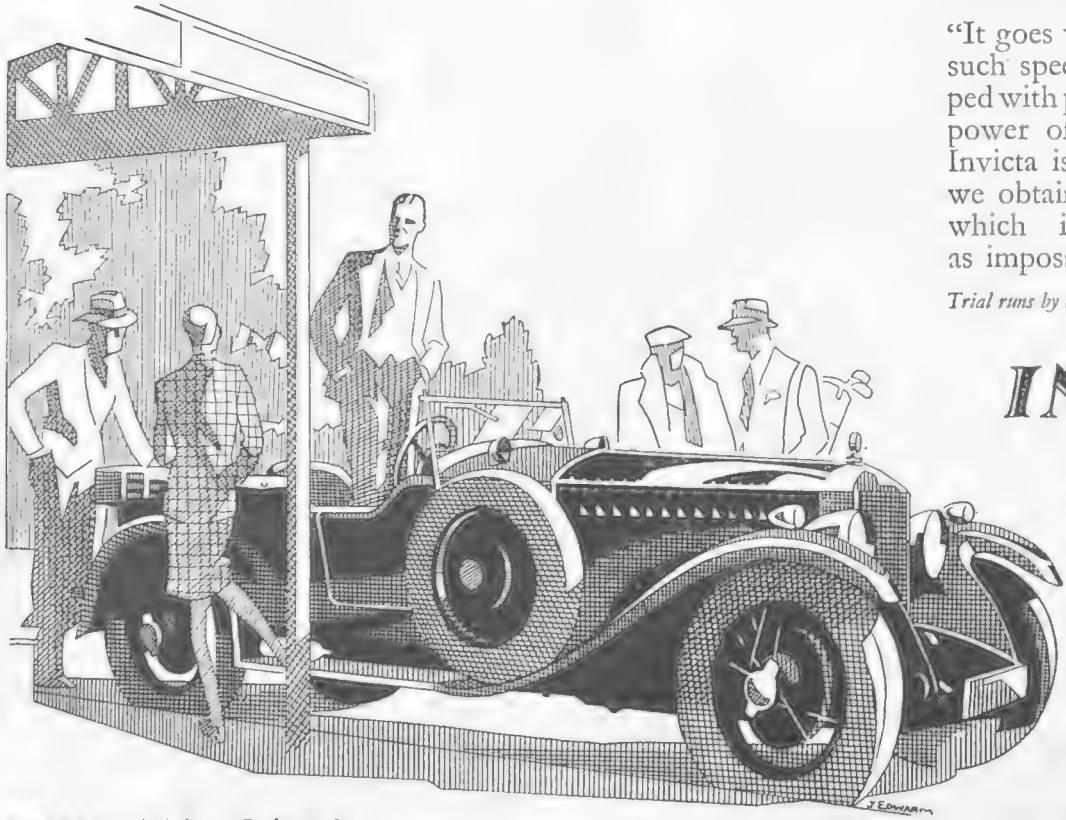

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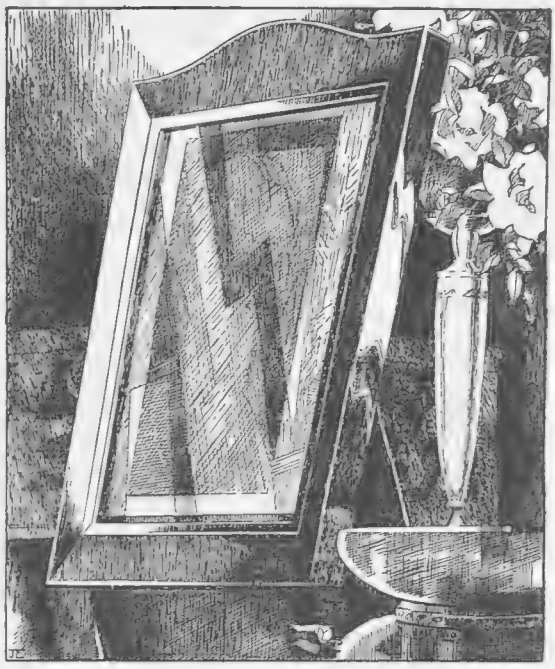

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When a promising new frock goes out and about and doesn't seem quite to live up to its promise, a Ciro brooch brings it to dazzling perfection. Should one's eyes and one's outlook lack brilliance, it is Ciro ear-rings that restore the glow in both! Nobody dared admit, when jewels were stay-at-home heirlooms, how essential were jewels to chic. But now, when every smart frock and hat is matched with its Ciro emeralds or sapphires, there's no excuse for any of us who dim our brilliance for lack of a Ciro gem, when it can be bought for as little as a guinea.

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LACE AND DELICATELY EMBROIDERED NET ARE PRESENT IN THESE GRACEFUL COURT GOWNS

White and silver is an ideal alliance for Court dresses. Debenham and Freebody have made the one above of white crêpe Mongol, veiled with embroidered net, the design being carried out in silver beads. The side drapery and the train are of silver lace, while a touch of colour is introduced by the jewelled shoulder clasps and the handsome buckle

The dignity of a slightly older woman would be enhanced by the gown on the right. Gold lace and gold beads complement each other, and the train of gold lace is in perfect harmony with them. The beautiful drapery of the skirt has been arranged to facilitate the making of a graceful curtsy

SPRING SUITS HAVE A YOUTHFUL AIR

An Unusual Alliance

"AMUSING" clothes are very much the vogue, and high in this category must be placed the beach wraps which will add gaiety and colour to many sunny *plages*. The newest are made of Terry towelling dyed in lovely hues, over which is posed coarse linen decorated with drawn thread work—and gold stitchery! The long roll collar and the cuffs are of towelling. Another version shows the linen darned in massed shades, or boldly embroidered with luxurious flowers. More suitable for the boudoir than the sea was a lovely model in tinsel brocade, lined with pale jade towelling. The brocade was cut out in a conventional pattern above the hem so that the jade showed through.

Fashion's Edicts

THAT fresh, cool-looking colours are to play an important part in *ensembles* for the Spring and Summer was evidenced at a very interesting Fashion Display which was held at Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road. Tiel and lily-of-the-valley leaf greens, butter-yellow, and soft reds shared the honours between them, with browns, black, beige, and white effectively throwing them into relief. A novel aspect of the mannequin parade was that the clothes were worn by people of the age for whom they were really designed. Thus a small girl with long curls showed some delightful styles for children; a schoolgirl demonstrated that, so far as clothes are concerned, Gorringes are able to banish all signs of that old bugbear, "the awkward age"; and a dignified, white-haired woman won enthusiastic applause when she appeared in various *ensembles* that were perfect in every detail. A special word must be said about the hats, which in every case subtly completed the costumes in an admirable manner. The outstanding impression created by this parade was that Gorringes can assuredly provide clothes for all occasions, to suit every conceivable type.

Very new is this suit of nut-brown stockinette, for the Angora jumper is tucked into the admirably cut skirt. It is sponsored by Jenners

Stockinette Suits Exploit New Lines

THERE is something about the things that come from Scotland which endows them with an aura of desirability. The fame of Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, has spread far beyond the Border, for it is a recognised fact that in their spacious *salons* may be found clothes and accessories to please even the sternest of critics. On the left of this page is a Spring suit which interprets Fashion's latest commands. Made of marled nut-brown stockinette, it has a patterned Angora jumper which is tucked into the smartly cut skirt. The small hat is of brown felt with a natural straw brim. Above is a *ciré* straw hat in buttercup-yellow, trimmed with three satin bows. The third *ensemble* is composed of Hungarian blue marled stockinette. The back of the dress is exceedingly interesting, and the coat is cleverly seamed.

A delightfully Spring-like hat in buttercup-yellow ciré straw. It comes from Jenners, of Edinburgh

One of the charms of this stockinette ensemble from Jenners is the lovely shade of Hungarian blue in which it is expressed. The dress has cleverly arranged folds across the back, and the coat is decorated with intricate seams

There's a reason why the golfer wears "Tricoline"

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THE smooth, staunch texture of the fabric ensures easy and rapid action in play. Even in the heat of a well-fought match the wearer has perfect comfort. Tailored and finished to fit, to endure regular use and laundering. A variety of handsome guaranteed colours. "TRICOLINE" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS, are sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores, everywhere. If any difficulty, write M8, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling St., London, E.C.4.

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DOGS

KEEPING THEM FIT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-MORROW (Thursday) will be a field day for London's Dog-lover, for it brings the Kensington Canine Society's big annual Championship Dog Show at the Crystal Palace, one of the most popular doggy events of the year.

The one really truly domestic animal, outside mankind, is the Dog. His health and happiness depend very largely on correct feeding, housing, daily grooming and exercise, and human companionship; especially feeding. Incorrect feeding and overfeeding can be as cruel in effect as starving. One square meal in each twenty-four hours, with one other meal which is no more than a dry biscuit snack, is the correct daily régime for grown Dogs; with not one scrap between-whiles, and fresh drinking water always available. Canine dentition and digestion being what they are, the Dog needs his food in concentrated form; vegetables are of no use to him; and soft, sloppy foods are always harmful for him. His food should encourage gnawing, crushing, tearing, chewing; it should always be hard, dry, and cold.

KNEBWORTH KNEBWORTHIAN

A prize-winner at the Sporting Dog Society's Open Dog Show at Leicester. He collected four Firsts and was adjudged to be the best Cocker Spaniel in the Show

WHATEVER it may seem to you, it is pure fallacy to suppose that such food is unappetising for your Dogs—providing you choose the best for them. There is biscuit food on the market now so attractive to canine taste that many a Dog will take it in preference to meat. Spiller's Shapes (that used to be called Assorted Sippets) will tempt the most fastidious doggy appetite, especially if occasionally crisped up in the oven and kept in an airtight tin; and a more wholesome canine food has never been produced. The same makers have a Cabin Biscuit which is invaluable in the special cases where food containing no meat is required. The Shapes have fruit stuffs in them; highly nutritious, as well as tasty.

READERS of these Notes know that "The Kennelman" has always urged upon buyers of pups, and of grown Dogs, too, for that matter, that there is one document just as important as the pedigree form which should be obtained as part of the purchase, and that is a detailed diet sheet, showing exactly how the pup is being fed at the time. This makes all the difference between a smooth change of homes and a possibly bad upset for the youngster, with trouble and anxiety for the new owner.

ONE well-known breeder in the North Country has just sent in a specimen of the diet sheets he has had printed, with blanks for detail, and, by way of heading: "As recommended by 'The Kennelman' of THE BYSTANDER." Below this there are to be found printed the following sagacious lines: "The golden rule of Dog-feeding is regularity, exactness, and *never a scrap* between meals. All pappy soft food is bad. Good Dog-food is *hard food*. The best sort of Dog-meal is one that leaves the Dog wanting just a bit more after cleaning his dish." Wise words, these.

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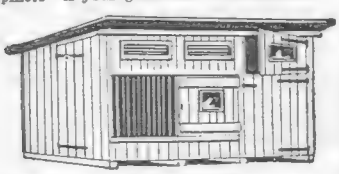

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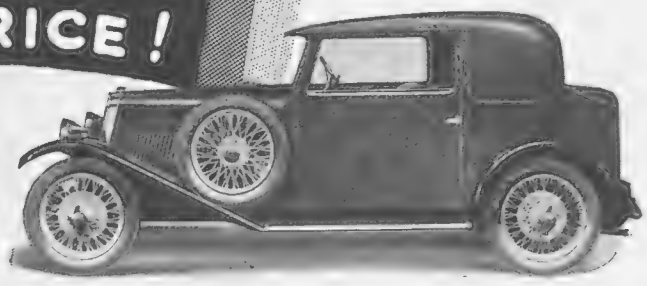

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The graceful Sportsman's Coupé on the same chassis that won the Royal Automobile Club Tourist Trophy race in Ireland last year is the ideal combination of super-sports car performance coupled with complete comfort.

The Ulster 5-seater Saloon represents the outstanding example of Lea-Francis value for money. Mounted on the 12/40 h.p. chassis, which has made history for its speed, liveliness and power on hills, the price includes shock absorbers, luggage grid, screen wiper and all usual equipment.

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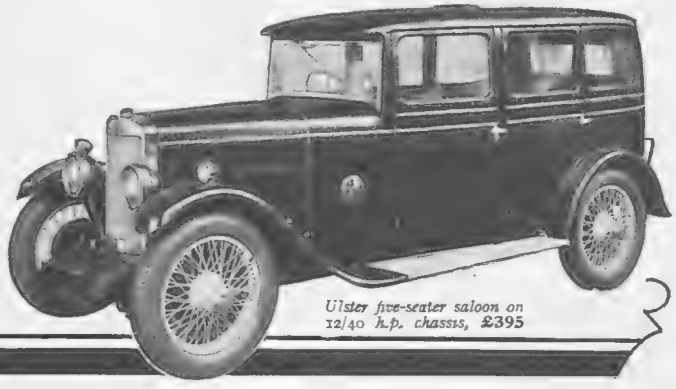

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Oxtail Soup for Ten People

GARNISH the bottom of a small stock-pot with one fine carrot and two medium-sized onions, cut into roundels and browned in butter, and one faggot. Add two small oxtails weighing about 4lb. Also add 2lb. of gelatinous bones, broken small and likewise browned in the oven. Proceed as for brown veal stock. Set to boil very gently for four and a half or five hours. Strain the broth, which should be reduced to two and a half quarts, and remove grease. Transfer the largest sections of the tail to another saucepan. Cover with broth and keep warm. Finely chop 1lb. of very lean beef; put into a saucepan with the white of a leek cut into dice and half the white of an egg; mix thoroughly; add the broth. Set to boil, stirring. Simmer for one hour. Cut a small carrot in brunoise fashion; cook this in a little water with butter, salt and sugar. Before serving strain the oxtail broth through a napkin, put the sections of oxtail and brunoise into a tureen, and pour on the prepared broth. This soup may be flavoured with port or sherry.

Broiled Lobster

CUT two lobsters of average size lengthwise. Rub with olive oil, season with salt and pepper. Grill under a bright fire. When cooked cover with butter *maître d'hôtel.*

BUTTER À LA MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.—First knead and then soften into a cream ½lb. of butter, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice.

Menu du Dîner

OYSTERS

OXTAIL SOUP

BROILED LOBSTER

ROYAL YORK HAM
CUMBERLAND SAUCE

SURREY CHICKEN STUFFED
GUERNSEY BEANS
CHIP POTATOES

CAPE NECTARINE WITH CUSTARD

WELSH RAREBIT

CAFÉ

Menu composed by M. Caletto, Restaurant Manager of the Ritz Hotel, London, with recipes by M. Herbodeau, Chef de Cuisine, and taken from the "Book of Empire Dinners."

Ham

BOIL a medium-sized raw ham for about an hour. Put it in a pan with a bottle of wine, carrots, onions, laurel leaves and thyme, and let it stand for about twelve hours. Take it out of the pan, put it in a sieve, and leave for about half an hour to drain. Cover with paste, and then bake for about two hours in a moderate oven.

Cumberland Sauce

DISSOLVE four tablespoonfuls of red-currant jelly, to which is added one-fifth of a pint of port wine, one teaspoonful of finely chopped shallots scalded for a few seconds and pressed, one teaspoonful of small pieces of orange rind and as much lemon rind (cut finely, julienne fashion, scalded for two minutes, well drained and cooled), the juice of an orange and that of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little cayenne pepper, and as much powdered ginger; mix well.

You can make these Dainty Dishes —

Simply add hot water to a tablet of Chivers' Jelly and in a short time you can serve a delicious dessert that will earn unanimous praise from everybody at your table. With little extra trouble you can make a variety of more elaborate dishes, suitable for all festive and holiday occasions, such as CHARLOTTE RUSSE, BANANA CHARTREUSE, ORANGE CREAM BASKETS, RATAFIA JELLIES, etc.

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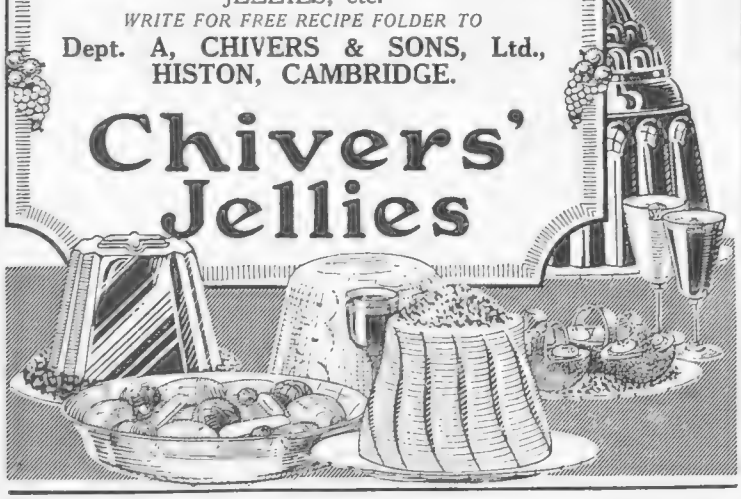

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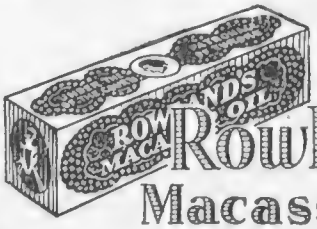
is often due to lack of natural oil which should be supplied from the roots. The best method of supplying the deficiency is by means of Rowland's Macassar Oil—the steady favourite of 136 years. It supplies the oil, stimulates the growth and nourishes the hair.



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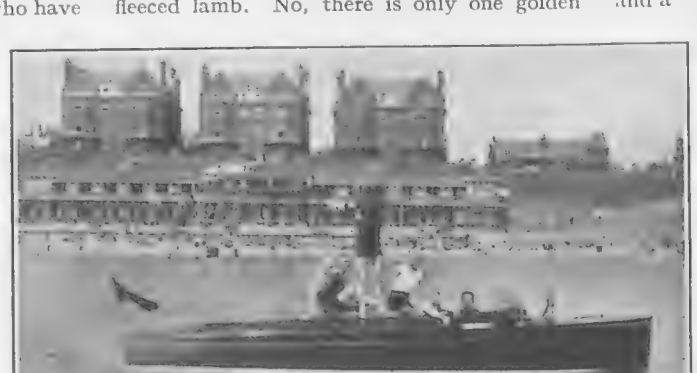
THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Speedboat of Merit

Motor boating is steadily gaining in popularity, for it is one of the most exhilarating of all outdoor recreations, and one that appeals to people of all ages. Wherefore it is interesting to note that Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., of Lowestoft, who have been specialising in motor craft and marine motor construction for over thirty years, have on the market an altogether admirable craft in the Brooke "Seacar." This is built extensively for home and overseas use, and is a 24ft. 100 h.p. craft whose controls, equipment, and accommodation are on up-to-date car lines. The excellence of the "Seacar" is shown by the fact that twin 30 m.h.p. all-mahogany craft are being employed by the R.A.F. in the forthcoming Schneider Cup Race; and in International competitions for standard craft of this type the "Seacar" has proved superior to foreign productions by winning the Atlantic Gold Trophy in 1928. The "Seacar" is equally suited for short pleasure trips or sea-going cruises, being excellently built and very easy to handle. Particulars can be obtained from the builders, Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., Adrian Works, Lowestoft.



THE "SPEEDBOAT"

A popular type of motor boat which can be used for pleasure trips or as a sea-going private speedboat for eight persons

Owe ?—No!

It is not only the flowers that bloom in the spring, for with the advent of the flat-racing season a perennial crop of mushroom Turf Accountants springs up to flourish on the money of the unwary before vanishing as suddenly as it appears. Many people who are otherwise perfectly rational and business-like in all their dealings, and would not dream of dealing with, say, a wine merchant or dressmaker of whom they know less than nothing, fall victims to these "get-rich-quick" gentry, with the inevitable result that there comes a day when they find themselves in the unpleasant position of the fleeced lamb. No, there is only one golden rule to be observed, and that is to trust one's racing commissions to a firm that is not only willing to pay, but is financially able to do so. In these pages we have had occasion to draw attention several times to the sterling qualities of Douglas Stuart, who has a reputation second to none. He is an old advertiser in this paper, and anyone who places commissions with him can rest assured of getting the best prices and the most prompt of settlements, be the amount great or small, for all the world knows Duggie never owes!

An Invaluable Preparation

Komposill, the new preparation which has just been marketed, has unique properties which will make it indispensable to every household. It takes the place of two or three separate products, being a polish, a cleaner, and a "filler" in one, and is highly efficient. A little Komposill applied to any surface, whether cellulose, french polish, ordinary varnish, or metal, at once goes through its threefold action. First, it removes all marks and scratches, whether grease, dirt, ink or spirit stains, hot-water marks, or even the dreaded hot-plate marks. Next, it puts back a filling, actually adding to and enriching the surface instead of rubbing it away. And, finally, it imparts a beautiful finish, hard, lustrous, and non-sticky, which will not finger-mark and which is very lasting in its effect. All this—cleaning, filling, and polishing—*by one and the same easy operation.* Besides furniture, it is unequalled for the cleaning and polishing of metal-ware, glassware, baths, gas-cookers, and many other surfaces. There is practically nothing which Komposill will not clean and polish. In the garage it cleans and polishes metal and bodywork, whether cellulose, varnished or fabric, renovates side curtains and windscreens, and cleans hands without water. *And it will definitely remove tar* from hands. Komposill is put up in large economical tubes at 1*s.* 6*d.*, from all grocers and chemists, ironmongers, oil and colourmen, domestic and general stores, and garages.

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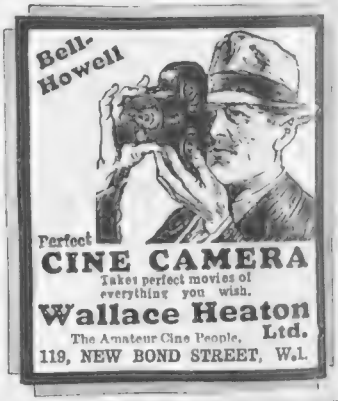

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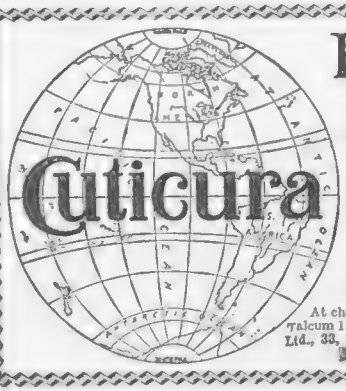

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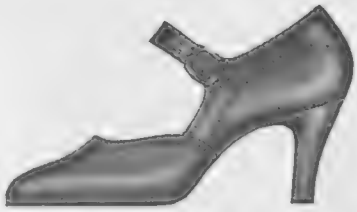

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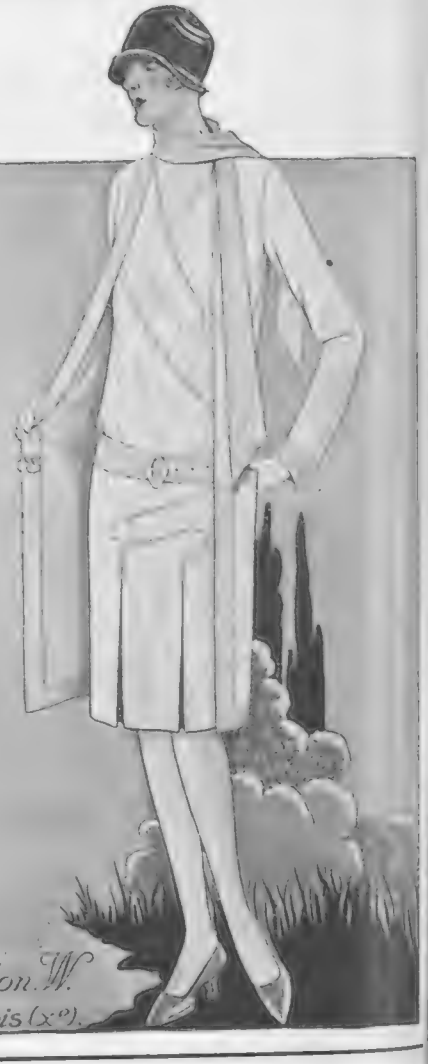

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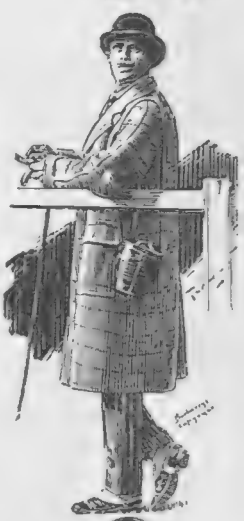

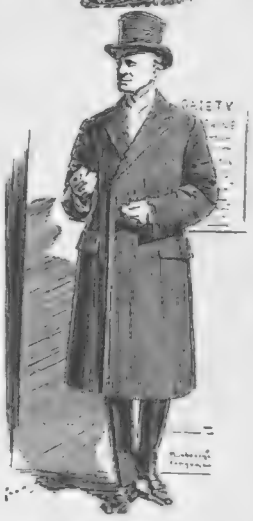

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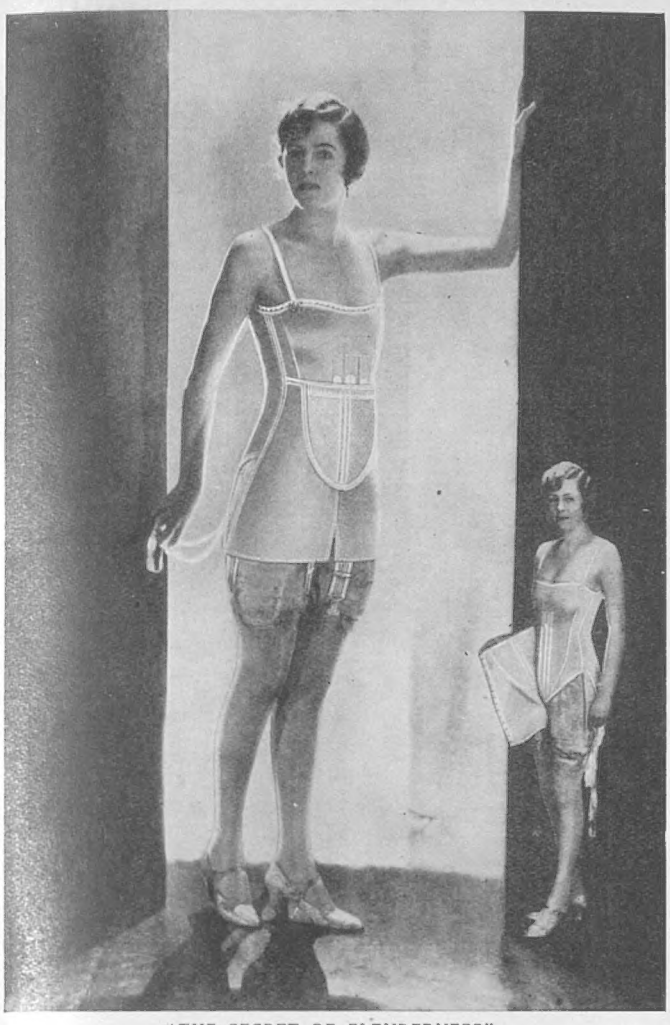

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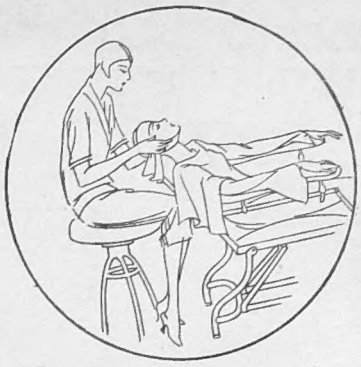

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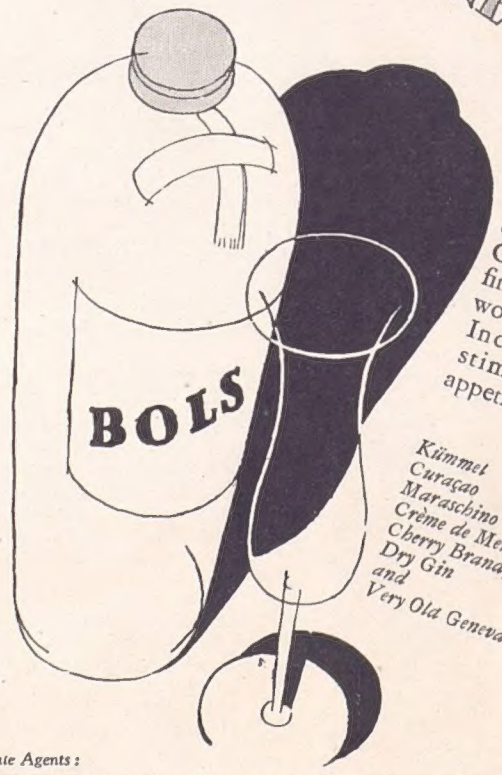

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.